

AUGUST 27, 1979

75¢

## FAREWELL TO THE CHIEF

Francis Coppola's  
\$31-million epic  
'Apocalypse Now'



55113-70001





Treat your guests royally.

## Editorial

# The Chief was the icon of a simpler age when one man could still change history



By Peter C. Newman

When I first heard the news of John Diefenbaker's wish that his body be carried by train across the country he loved, I had two strong reactions. The first was to recall a phrase from the official program of Sir Winston Churchill's funeral, designating how his body would travel on a funeral barge down the Thames "with the pomp of waters unspilled." Somehow, that description fitted perfectly the Chief's own final journey as his exasperated remarks are borne from Ottawa to Saskatoon covered by the Red Ensign he fought so hard to preserve.

My second reaction was to relive the five elections I had covered from aboard the Diefenbaker train, trundling through the night of time in a press car filled with the noise of tapping typewriters and clinking glasses. I particularly remember the 1958 campaign, when we all knew he couldn't win, but Diefenbaker kept searching for some notion to further his fortunes. When a suspender in Richmond Hill, Ontario, gave the Chief a canary, he spent hours coaxing the bird to sing, convinced that this was the one he had been waiting for. The bird just sat there staring back at him. But a week before polling day, when Diefenbaker's luck was turned, a railway steward took pity on him and had a passable canary imitation. The Chief got very excited and the incident noticeably boosted his energies for the final push.

John Diefenbaker was at his best moving through the knots of Prairie farmers who turned out everywhere to greet him, looking into men's eyes and women's feelings, absorbing their sense of shared loneliness, the fear of living at the margin of things. Out there among his own people, the Chief became a breathing icon, history on the hoof—the reminder of a simpler age when God was alive and one man's courage could still change history.

At Stettler, Alberta, two raggedy kids were holding up a huge, hand-lettered cardboard sign with the letters **DEEP FOR CHIEF**. At Swift Current, Saskatchewan, 25 blue-crowned ladies on the back of a truck broke into *Land of Hope and Glory* and sang *Macdonald's* from *Arrowsmith* as an encore.

At Taber, Alberta, Diefenbaker told an audience of bashed schoolchildren, "I only wish that I could come back when you're my age to see the kind of Canada that you'll see. So dream your dreams, keep them and pursue them."

When we stopped briefly at Merle, Saskatchewan, a local band of musicians was out on the platform, surrounding Diefenbaker with their ragged version of *The Thanksgiving*. None of us could file our stories because the telephone was playing the drama.

Later that day an old man sat by the tracks and, as the Chief's train rattled by, he held up a hand-lettered sign in the twilight that read **JOHN, YOU'LL NEVER DIE**. He was right.

## Maclean's

### Editor

Peter C. Newman

Editorial Director

Associate Managing Editor

Book Review

Book Reviews

&lt;p

## Cover your ears in the House, the street fighter hasn't quit yet

**H**e began baying shortly after having himself ejected from the Vancouver legislature for name-calling, in what became one of the highlights of a disastrous session. B.C. NDP caucus leader Dave Barrett, 48, proceeded to stir things up even more with his public ramification about whether or not he would step down as NDP leader at the party's annual convention on the Labor Day weekend as reporters' pencils poised, however, old hands quickly predicted ominously that, after mauling it over in San Diego while visiting his mother before the convention, the feisty street fighter would be back. With only four seats separating the two from the Social Credit in the two-party house following last May's election, the Liberals are vulnerable. "He came too close to step down," says one insider. For the record, leadership fiddler includes former federal NDP Sta Legault and former Barrett cabinet ministers Bill King (Labour), Dennis Cocks (Health) and Dave Stupak (Agriculture and Finance).



"It depends on the sentimentality factor," theorized one media insider early last week. "If the money feels sentimental about The Courier, it could drag dead any time." The next day The Vancouver Courier, feisty six-week entrant into the Vancouver daily newspaper ranks, announced it would go back to its former twice-weekly, greynumber format. Word had it that the bratty tab, which combined Fleet Street slick with trumpet-loud layout, was starting to make the competing Sun and Province sweat. Unfortunately, that was more the responsibility of the balmy Vancouver temperatures. Battered circulation (reportedly less than 20,000 daily) and lack of advertising as support convinced principal backer Gordon Syms ("the money") that his cash would be better invested elsewhere, and he withdrew his badly needed \$2-million shot in the arm, sealing The Courier's fate. It was a chapter and clearly sentimental palliative and editor Robin Ladd who said the renamed staff of 100, many of whom had fled from the pocket lines of the recently strike-bound Sun and Province, that many would be back on the bricks again. At least half are sure to go.

**I**t started in December, 1992, when Vancouver innkeepers and hoteliers swooped down on several Vancouver-based outlets, including print and advertising, to complain. In late May of this year the raids were followed up with charges against virtually all the major private broadcasters in Vancouver (16 individuals and 50 companies), alleging that they got together to "consort or leaven" competition in the sale of commercial broadcast time. Preliminary hearings have been set for December. The investigation apparently began two years ago in response to complaints by at least two small Vancouver ad agencies which, it seems, decided to blow the whistle on the entire industry. A broadcast company practice of requiring cash bonds from all agencies before business is transacted is reported to be the crux of the government case. With several companies pending (none say named), since it is a conspiracy trial, legal resources in Vancouver lawyer Ernest Alexander, the case could drag on for more than a year. "It is, frankly, says one station manager, "a piss in the ass."

Thomas Hopkins



Ruth Conner wasn't an actor, either

## The Alternative.

Skol. When the only person you want to impress is yourself.



# A tiger stalking sacred cows

By Hubert de Santans

**A**rtist's art is not renowned for its subtlety. Princess Anne's wedding. A bare minute between the royal couple. All three are swiftness, displaying enough irony to finish a piano with a complete set of keys. And it's the horse that says, "I do."

A despairing Pierre Trudeau, having announced budget cuts as a pre-studies way for the business community, turns the knife on himself and has to come back again.

In the darkened grounds of Parliament Hill, Ottawa, a night security guard holds a sombering fire in the teeth of his flashlight. Says the guard: "Listen, buddy, some honorable members still may try to confuse public serving to the Queen."

"Cartooning is a popular art form. You're expressing the frustrations of ordinary people," says Terry Mosher, alias Arctic, a stalking tiger of Canadian political cartooning. "Obviously there are a lot of people who think the same way I do, because somebody's paying me good money to do it. 'Gee, police us in the sun again? Here's your cheque!'" Mosher is convulsed with laughter at the happy thought of being paid handsomely to do what he enjoys doing—drawing and quarreling with politicians and sacred cows.

In his Montreal studio the spiky caricaturist sits in an old-fashioned leather's chair, leaning a poster commemorating the 15th anniversary of the October revolution. Behind him a neon sign advertising Schleifer beer blinks on and off. The walls are hung with original cartoons drawn by himself and by colleagues in Canada and the U.S. With his shaggy, grey-flecked hair and beard, his dark-brooding eyes under eyebrows that run diagonally across the bridge of his nose, his air of Considering, judiciously,



Mosher in his bower: a tiger a pen dipped in a mixture of acid and blood



Mosher could be mistaken for an aging guerrilla

But Mosher's battles are fought with different weapons. His instruments of destruction are a razor-sharp intelligence, a corrosive wit, and a pen dipped in a mixture of acid and blood. The list of people who have become casualties of his lethal skills is a long and distinguished one, and includes members of the Royal Family as well as politicians in 18 years of political cartooning. Mosher has emerged as one of the country's top practitioners of the art, and his work maintains a unique eyewitness record of a particular segment of history. He has received three prizes from the International Salon of Cartoons, two Graphics Awards, and for two

years in a row (1977 and 1978) he has won the Canadian National Newspaper Award for drawing the best political cartoon.

He conceived and helped to produce a documentary film for the National Film Board on the history of political cartooning in Canada. The *Sketches* was completed in 1975, and has been telecast three times by the CBC. Mosher has spent seven years competing (with cartoonist Peter Desbarats) in a history of political cartooning in Canada, a competition which will be finished this fall by McCallum & Stewart in the fall.

"Terry did an excellent job," says Duncan Macpherson, political cartoonist of the Toronto Star. "The book is important, very valuable and necessary. It seems to me that sense of the responsibility he took on with the book really off him."

Working on the book has instilled in Mosher a profound respect for Canada's best political cartoonists. By his reckoning these are Duncan Macpherson of the Toronto Star, Les Norris and Roy Peterson of The Vancouver Sun, and Jean-Pierre Gignard of Montreal's *Le Projet*. "There are some damn fine cartoonists in Canada for some strange reason because we're pretty God damn bad at everything else," says Mosher. "I'll eat horse piss and say that it's an honor to be considered among them." His warmest praise is reserved for the legendary Macpherson, whom Mosher calls "an professional cartoonist, in that not only is he the greatest political cartoonist we've produced in the country, but his dealings with editors, and his recognition of his own worth has

been a tremendous inspiration to me."

Duncan Macpherson has a high regard for Mosher's talent. "He's a very good draftsman; he has a sense of the surreal, and an eye for the jugular. Cartoonists in the know to say excellent political or satirical cartoons, and Terry is excellent at that; number 1. He can articulate a face beautifully, and get across the meaning with an expression or an attitude." But Macpherson is also aware of imperfections in Mosher's work. "He tends to get very static in his compositions," he says, and remembers an instance he had with Mosher. "I said, 'You can't draw anything from the neck down,' and he turned to me very quickly and said, 'You can't draw anything from the neck up.' Macpherson is also critical of the overall design of Mosher's panels. "The panel should be designed so it can compete with a very good Japanese woodcut; it should be of visual interest without the detail interfering too much with the image. Terry's not doing that now, but he will."

Mosher has a healthy disregard for editors. "Editors are almost a necessary evil, because many cartoonists can't spell, and that's what editors are there for—to correct our spelling mistakes. Cartoonists deal with a visual medium and to most of them editors are damned visual ignorants who don't think in a visual way."

Christopher Terry Mosher was born in Ottawa in 1942. His father, Jack, is a journalist, and the author of a historical novel, *Seven Weeks*. His brother, Christopher Terry grew up in Toronto during the heyday of Duncan Macpherson, when he was the scourge of Bantek. Mosher was booted out of high school for peddling pot in 1962. He put in brief stints at Toronto's Central Technical School and the Ontario College of Art ("my academic career was less than spectacular"), before taking to the road. He hitch-hiked for two years in Canada, the U.S. and Mexico, covering an estimated 30,000 miles. "That was when I taught myself to draw," recalls Mosher. "My common trick was to wander into a bar or a restaurant and start sketching the people there. Somebody would become interested, and I'd be paid a dollar for a caricature or a portrait. I taught myself not only how to draw, but how to handle water. He does not take drugs.

He is grateful to his wife, Carol, for "hanging tough" through the unsettled years.

In 1965 Mosher entered L'École des Beaux-Arts in Quebec City by forgoing a high school certificate. "It was a magnificent piece of work, a masterpiece. Had I not become a cartoonist I would have become a professional singer." He graduated in 1968, and two years later began doing political cartoons. Jokingly he signed them with his daughter's name, Ishka, and Ishka has remained his pen name. He became staff cartoonist for *The Montreal Star* in 1969, and was also art director of *Tuke One magazine*. In 1970 he founded the *Lost Post magazine*, and has remained an associate editor. Since 1972 he has been staff cartoonist of the *Montreal Gazette*.

Of his early work, Mosher says, "In quite a few cases I consider it almost inaccurate, because of the carburetor care I took with the drawings, and also the huffiness in some of the drawings. Now I'm no longer huffily toward these char-



talent years he always managed to reach within himself for the discipline which allowed him to get his work done. He never failed to meet a deadline, even when lying over or spaced out. For the present he is on the wagon, and drinks



Make It A Carlsberg.

Frontlines

acters. I consider them more as jokers than as evil beings. They are not sinning, they are incompetent.

"We've inflated our politicians—or perhaps they have inflated themselves through the media—into an area that is beyond the reach of the average person," says Meshes. "That's why I think the role of satire is important. It's a process of dragging them down where they belong with the rest of us." We certainly produce some pretty insane politicians in this country.<sup>5</sup>

White on the subject of politicians, Maister's thoughts naturally turn to Joe Clark. "The best headlines at the spectacle of Joe Clark as prime minister of Canada. It's going to be great shooting for me and the rest of the cartoonists. Clark looks like a young Diefenbaker in the game already," Maister's viewpoint, and an left hand, his drawing hand, catches that of a gunfighter before a draw. The day after Clark's election victory, Maister portrayed Canada's new prime minister as an ungracious Hairy Dandy minister, controlled by various hands pulling on strings. Another cartoon shows a hooded Clark sitting, reading a grand piano, saying smugly, "They laughed."

"I'm not looking for the good side. I'm looking for the Achilles heel," says Bockey bluntly. The job of the person who does the work I do is to point out the disease and not suggest a cure. If you suggest a cure then you become guilty of trying to be a prophet yourself."

But his numerous evaporates and he laughs loudly at the changes in Western leadership. "Jimmy Carter, Margaret Thatcher and Joe Clark leading the Western world?" Masher's body shakes with nervous laughter, and his spectacles frames jingle like gilded insect wings making noise.

Today Mosher draws with a scalpel instead of a knife, and his rage is kept on a tight rein. But he can still meet tangibly with tangency. When Uganda's Archbishop Janani Luwum died in 1979 in an "astounding accident" which left his body riddled with bullets, Mosher drew a leering Idi Amin break-

hanging on the archbishop's body. When John Spelman was executed in the electric chair in Florida State Prison in May of this year, Moher presented with a cartoon showing a skeletal, skin-shaken figure of Death standing next to the electric chair and talking to a nearby interior designer. "And even though the latest Gallup has the majority of people supporting us on this, they feel our techniques and basic environment unsatisfactory. So we thought that you might come up with a new educational Star Wars package." *er*



The Feminist Response

perhaps something after incorporating signed Pierre Cardin fabric patterns?"

A cartoon like this demonstrates what Duncan Macpherson means when he says that Master "knows the jargon and vocabulary of his age, and uses it very well."

Moher is often regarded as a left-wing radical, but he is a liberal who thinks of himself as apolitical, and born sceptics of nationalism. "I don't have this great powerful heart for my country. I'm not against it, but I just refuse to get on that God damn highway. I feel no sense of national ownership, I'm a great believer in the territorial imperative. I believe in that a hell of a lot, more than I do in the House of Commons." He has portrayed the Canadian Nationalist as a ridiculous figure wearing the Grey Cup on his head and carrying a volume of *Leacock* under his arm. And as for the Quebec Nationalist, he is shown as a naked contortionist with his face painted brown and his buttocks "disappearing up his own ass" as Moher describes the difficult fest.

"Montreal is the ideal place to be a *cartoologist*," MacIvor observes. "I used to draw the city's streets and landmarks on my map, and I'd add in the *crucial and offbeat* crudity and offensiveness.

do dozens of Bourassa's criticizing the man, and all my Paul Quibell friends said, "That's fine, but now that I do the same to Livermore, they say, 'Wait a minute. This is the *winner*.' Well, hellish! He's in now! He's *ascending* now! He's *ascending* now! He's *ascending* now! Is he not a *winner*?" In Canada he does not have unlimited freedom, as was proved last winter when a B.C. court ruled that Victoria Times cartoonist Bob Barnes had libelled a politician. The ruling has Mosher worried, but he is reluctant to

"money," adds Mosher. "A politician with a cause suddenly has a sense of humor about himself." Lévesque is a classic illustration of that, and that's one reason why he's one of my favorite targets.



# Breathing room at the top

By Amanda Touché

**T**he executive office, sought as the reward for long and able service in business and government, carries a well-publicized price tag—along with the success connection. When the cost becomes too onerous, certain questions begin to elimate for answers in the minds of the well-paid victims, and I am in touch with the simple pleasures of life and my family? Where do I go from here? The answers are found through the lowered alpine waves of transcontinental meditation for some North American executives. Others retreat on their sanctuaries on the squash courts. But for a group of 16 businesspeople recently, respite was a unique, nine-day wilderness retreat seminar for senior executives sponsored by the Banff School of Management.

They gathered at an isolated cabin in Banff National Park, 10 miles from the nearest road. They had paid \$1,500 and had signed up at 600 others to go there. The agenda read like a combination of psychologists and gurus teachers but, in the primitive surroundings of the 80-year-old, log-hewn Stoks Lodge, the men who gathered shared a common trait: they all had a problem with stress. So they had come to eat whole-grain breakfasts, wash in an mountain streams, get used to osteoarthritis, climb rock faces and spend hours each day in lectures such as "geology and the human perspective" and "max the adventurer." Course director Jim Nold and psychologist Lynne Longfellow would take them on a mental journey while guides John Aswell and Bill Marsh would challenge their bodies. Each man would keep a journal.

Day 1 They shed their city suits in a Banff motel room and instructors task their watchers, cigarettes, money and credit cards. Alan Gates, 43, president of Calgary's Aco Drilling Ltd., was shocked at the intensity of the situation. "I realize that isn't just a hike in the woods I am frightened knowing my physical condition," he wrote. They began their first hike, stopping when the



Light descended at the edge of a lake, talked about "solo campsite camping" and showed them how to stay warm. Bill Marsh, 32-year-old president of Prestige Builders of Calgary, did not think about the cabin the first night, which later surprised him. His body ached, and he remembered about the "solo campsite" and thought, "I'm a wimpy case," he said.

Day 2 The men climbed to the 8,000-foot-high Thompson Pass. Nold talked to them about mortality. One hour later they rappelled down the face of a mountain. Fred Cudham found the rappel distressing. The 38-year-old president of Edmonson's Highfield Development Ltd. said it had to be dependent on the others. "All the accoutrements of power were gone. I was standing on the edge of a cliff. I didn't know if it would hold," he wrote.

Days 3 and 4 The group hiked, rock-climbed on sheer faces and talked about their lives and behavior over the past 15 years. The lectures were on the nature of mid-life transition and what the staff called "Type A" behavior, expressed through materialism and overdriving ambition.

Day 5 They climbed to a high camp at the base of Mount Rundle. The next day they would climb to the top. They made their beds in the snow and huddled together for warmth. Gates was having trouble with his knees. The instructors met to decide whether he

Course participant John Nold climbs on ropes in isolation, 8,000 feet for pull and reflex.

should climb. "When one is used to a position of power and authority in the business world, it is a very humbling experience to have the instructors go into a room to decide whether I should be allowed to attempt the summit or not," wrote Gates. The verdict—he should climb.

Day 6 At 2:30 a.m. they started. For Gates it was torture. He was chewing gum, but halfway up he had to stop. "I didn't want to show the others I hurt so badly." At the top, the others hopped and cheered, and Brian Sawyer, Cudham's chief of police, later wrote in his journal: "I cannot recall having previously experienced such a sustained period of exhilaration." Twelve hours later they dragged themselves into Stoks.

Longfellow played them a song about families. Cudham's is the Castle. "My son turned 15 just the other day. He and I thumb for the ball. Dad, c'mon let's play."

Can you teach me to throw? I said not today,

I got a lot to do. He said, that's okay. Some of the men cried. One hadn't crossed town to see his 85-year-old father in more than a year.

Day 7 The men filled up on rib-sticking Kraft Dinner, their last meal for 24 hours. They were to "solo" in the wil-

derness as the climax of both their mental and physical journeys. Alan Gates was not lonely. "The solitude rocked me," wrote the 39-year-old Wiedenhofer who had just become president of Connaught Labs Ltd. in Waterloo, Ontario. Wiedenhofer wrote in his journal: "July 19—anniversary." Then he added the words "memoriam day." "It was truly an anniversary, my 27th in marriage and the first day of the rest of my life and a new direction," he remarked later.

Day 8 They emerged from their isolation and went through "solo debriefing." Marsh felt he could have stayed longer. "I was free to do what I wanted, by myself, with no real time schedule to govern my thoughts or actions." For Cudham, "It was the first time completely alone that I can remember."

Day 9 The men packed their belongings and began the trek back to daily stress. The bus was waiting but no one wanted to get on it. Austin they hopped and were cheered. Back in the motel they revisited these identities, put on their watches, put back their wallets and credit cards. They left for the city and the airport. For Marsh, with his crusty exterior, the retreat changed his way of thinking. "I cried, laughed, hurt and



talking my way to the surface again." He is determined to stay there.

Cudham, the youngest of the group, had a choice "to see what it is like 15 miles down the road. I don't want to take that path." He says he has vowed to retreat a few days each year for the rest of his life.

For Gates the course was rejuvenating. He feels confident and animal of his goals. He would like to do it again in another 10 years. Gates didn't find anything new but he did make comment-

executives thumb on summit of Plume  
gap peak. Your dad's really come home!

ments he will try, to keep Gates' view they could never repeat the experience, even though they found it useful. But the arterial opinion of the group is summed up in one journal entry which reads: "To my wife and children, your dad has been away from home for nine days. But he's been gone for a long, long time. He's home now. Your dad's really come home." □



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## Cost in space

Those with genuine talent, but who were refused Canada Council grants, must have been infuriated when they read *Greater Ye Spacemen's Where Ye May* (July 26) about Douglas Curran and his search for home-made spaceships. I say good look to anyone who wants to pursue any project, no matter how crazy. But for God's sake, let's stop subsidizing them with the poor, be-gighted taxpayer's money.

E. LEWIS THORNBELL OTT

## Untitled graves

Congratulations to Jane O'Hearn on the cover story *Young Striders* (July 30). The article was balanced and well written. Public education in the areas of suicide and suicide prevention is a great need which has only recently begun to be confronted in Canada. It was mentioned that since the 1950s Canada's suicide rate among young persons has almost quadrupled. In Alberta alone, the rate for 15- to 19-year-olds has increased 1,250 per cent since 1959. The age group of 15 to 24 has become one of the highest risk age groups for suicide. And for each case there are many people who are left wondering what they did, what they should have done and why it has to end that way. It is a tragedy and a waste. This is the Year of the Child. Help your 100,000.

DR. DALE REED  
PROVINCIAL SUICIDE LOGICIAN,  
ALBERTA HOSPITAL, CALGARY, ALTA.

## The inside story

Entertaining news explores throughout our provinces read with avid interest. Thomas Hagan's article *Clouding Inside the Earth* (July 23) is the sort of



Caving in B.C.: a lighter consciousness

caving in Canada will use its legitimacy to widen interpretation of the activity Hopkins' story serves to raise public consciousness about the value of our last frontier and therefore about its potential.

PALL GRIFFITHS PERGENT  
BRITISH COLUMBIA SPELEOLOGICAL  
FEDERATION GOLD RIVER BC

## The senior service

In *A Women's Place Is in the Job* (July 30), you state that "... women, for the first time, will be guards in an all-mail issues federal penitentiary in Canada." Knowing your source, I can understand your accepting that statement as fact. However, I was hired by the federal penitentiary service in March, 1978, and graduated from the correctional officer inducting program at Edmonton

Staff College on May 18, 1978. I have subsequently been employed by the federal government penitentiary service and an enormous staff at a maximum security, all-mail federal penitentiary in Saskatchewan. My duties are exactly as those you state in the article.

SHAWNA BELLINAN, BACHELOR OF BACHELOR OF

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## Full frontal crudity

It is probably necessary to cover subjects such as *The Cult of Horror* (July 16), but who's the cover? An article inside can be read or passed over, but the offensive picture on the cover is there whether you are interested or not.

PHILIPPE MAXFIELD VICTORIA, VAN

## FAREWELL TO THE CHIEF

By Peter C. Newman

It was easy enough to satirize his rages and caravans in Canada. But it was the stride and stance of the man—his sheer gait—the how of his laughter and the fire of his convalescence, those were the qualities that made John Diefenbaker a politician apart. Like P.G. Woodhouse's beloved father, Lewis, he entered any room "as a procession of one."

Although he seldom stopped talking about himself, the essence of John Diefenbaker remained a mysterious mixture of vanity and charm, vulnerability and brash outrage and mischief. He single-handedly transformed Canadian politics into the country's leading spectator sport.

The dilemma of most Canadians (p. 56) is how to stress the marginal differences between themselves and their rivals, so that they can retain their basic similarities. Diefenbaker's problem was exactly the opposite: how to emphasize the contrasts on his combative nature so that he would sound more like his electables and less like his ideologues and ideologically compromised. Even in his declining years, he remained a political giant, unlikely as he was in a field of midgets.

Mad ladies and themselves in cushion with their three other because they retain their relationships who try to protect the man of honour who attempt to become visionaries and find their sinecure exceeds their powers. Diefenbaker suffered the rare distinction of being both. His intellect was firmly frozen in another time. His heart was an open file.

Dead last week at 83, he was born only four years after Sir John A. Macdonald's death, so that his life spans Canada's modern history. He could draw an immense line when Red River carts still crawled along the Battledore trail and buffalo bones littered the Prairies. During a 1957 campaign stop at Melfort, Saskatchewan, I happened to be standing behind him as he asked a group of oldtimers in what year they had come West. When the oldest replied, "April of 1890," a delighted Diefenbaker shot back, "We were in August!"

No Canadian politician ever rose so steadily through a succession of debacles. He was soundly beaten in his campaign (including an abortive attempt in 1963 to become mayor of Prince Albert) before finally squeaking into the

House of Commons as a member of the Conservative Opposition in 1949. Always the outsider, even in his legal career, he seemed to thrive on rejection. After being trounced in a token run for the PC party leadership against George Drew in 1948, he wrote in his diary: "On the night of Drew's victory, I went up to his wife in the Chateau Laurier. They were celebrating. I was an outsider. I walked into that gathering to congratulate him and it was as if an animal not temporarily admitted to homes had suddenly entered the place."

Driven by the compulsion of his self-imposed destiny, he became a street-corner in the corridors of power. He was rarely content in his endless circuit of speaking across the country, but inside the Conservative party hierarchy he was dismissed as "the Bolshevik from the West." At the same time, the Liberals harassed him by redhounding his seat out of existence and even descended to the petty play of converting his house next to his Prince Albert home into a Foster residence for unwed Indian mothers.

But Diefenbaker knew how to wait and he had a need for power. In 1956 he foisted the portfolio by capturing the Tory leadership and the following year managed to win a minority mandate.

Electors are a tangible of events that damage a man's pride and poise, but Diefenbaker himself was an incarnation of the Canada he knew. The Americans are full of people who invent themselves to be MacDonalds, Gordons, Chesters—but Diefenbaker preferred to be identified, however, as a personalization of the national will for whom all things were possible. Translating his "vision" of Northern development, he went as a rhetorical example that can bring us together. They cheered every time he appeared for health. When he was first hospitalized in 1966, he was admitted to a small, outdoor ward at Parkside, B.C. I saw one of his visitors deliberately closing their umbrella in Fredericton, a crash of mosquitoes that held their children close to touch him. When Ed Morris, then a Conservative candidate in Halifax, was introducing the PC leader, he began by saying, "My friend, who shall we say of greatest mass?" A voice from the back row cheered out: "Dear John, Dear John." Morris bowed his head. "Yes," he replied. "We may as well say, Dear John." "Two thousand men and



John George Diefenbaker  
1895-1979

women stood up to vote their approval. (Not everybody got his signals right. At a ceremony in West Vancouver's Park Royal, an Indian called Mathieu Joe presented a walking stick to the chief with the tribute: "John Diefenbaker, you be the standard-bearer of our country".)

On election night Diefenbaker won 206 seats, wiping out the Liberals in six provinces. It was the largest mandate ever given a Canadian prime minister. Even if his French couldn't get him past a Berlin receptionist, Quebec assured him 62 per cent of the votes—just one point, behind true-blue Ontario.

In the golden months that followed, Diefenbaker acted less like a politician than a force of nature. During a Commons question period on July 2, 1958, when a question asked by H. A. Arger (then of the CCF) was what the government intended to do about droughts on the Prairies, Diefenbaker matter-of-factly replied: "Yesterday and also the day before when I was in Brandon, several localities received rain for the first time." A couple of Liberal back-benchers paled seriously. But to most members of Parliament it seemed only mildly ludicrous that this all-powerful leader could water down the sky.

He took office at the age of 61, too late to erase the habits of all these lonely years as a struggling defence attorney in the frontier country of northern Saskatchewan. His magnificent victory at the polls condemned him to a permanent sense of anti-climax, he interpreted the people's verdict as adequate proof of his greatness and henceforth intended with the trapping rather than the substance of his office. In a sense it was not power but the absence of power that had

corrupted him. He had spent 37 years in the political wilderness. Denied what he felt to be his rightful place for so long, all that apart, all that, that contempt, summed up to dominate his every act.

His government initiated many enlightened measures, but as PM he remained preoccupied with settling old scores. No magnate could wait so long, though, to claim his kingdom. One former member of his committee, later the Diefenbaker readmitted the member's letter, was angry even before he had had his last taste of it. "He never showed any fear from the slightest rebuff." On April 5, 1961, when the Liberals announced that they had named former Conservative House speaker Roland Michener to be Canada's 18th governor-general, Diefenbaker alone failed to applaud the appointment—presumably because Michener had ruled him out of order during a procedural wrangle eight years earlier.

Before he became prime minister, Diefenbaker had based his party's policies on a desire for living free countries that, once in power, he indulged frugally in popular radicalism, which was his natural instinct. His conviction—born in Saskatchewan during the drought of the '30s—that the commercially underprivileged can help themselves only through collective political action found its expression in his concept of social justice, based on the commendable notion that every Canadian has the right to expect equality of opportunity. During six years in office his administration spent almost as much money as all Canadian governments between Confederation and 1946 combined (including the cost of two world wars) in a wild jumble of programs designed to help develop the

North and to assist farmers, fishermen and other low-income groups.

Acting on a sense of generous impulse, Diefenbaker seldom understood the details of his own policies. In the 1962 campaign, for example, his party strategists worked out an elaborate scheme for giving some 100,000 houses owned by decent, middle-income taxpayers a federal income-tax Diefenbaker tried vainly to explain what it was all about until he gave up in Weipipin by lamely conceding he thought the plan "might be invited to home-acquired houses."

Instead of advancing any set of identifiable principles, his brand of policies turned out to be little more than a down-the-line sequence of morally pious stances staged to combat imagined forces threatening his downfall. Whether he actually filled a tiny Legion hall in northern Saskatchewan or an auditorium stoner of the 25 universities that granted him honorary degrees, he used every public occasion to hurl defiance at the numerous adjudicators of Canadian society's great power blocs. He thus sought himself in his own trap of demanding to be loved for the exercises he had made.

He was at his best among his own people on the Prairies and campaigned on every conceivable occasion, whether there happened to be an election in the offing or not.

It was Diefenbaker's eyes that were his saving grace, acting as joyful markers of his enormous emotion, masking the painosity of his own performances. But at his mighty rallies he would turn on his audience like some medieval executioner dispensing rhetorical fire. With an energy born of gleeing, he would dash out his pay at the wickedness of his political opponents. When he accused the Liberals of

"shedding tears of falsehood," his audiences knew exactly what he meant, and when he confided that his errors as prime minister were "mistakes of the heart," they rushed to forgive him.

His language was a splendid orifice, the words featuring his mannerisms in a bold and endearing fashion. Camp language, where the language of abstraction, grandness by cliché, takes the place of logic and discourse, "Join with us," he would plead, "Join with me to catch the vision of men and women who rise above these things that ordinarily hold you to the self. Join with me to bring about the achievement of that Canada, our Canada, the achievement of Canada's destiny."

Like most self-made men, he worshipped his creation. During the Brierland, Ontario, rally that won up his 1963 campaign, he declaimed once and for all just exactly how he obtained his best advice: "I ask myself, 'Is a thing right?' And if it is, I do it."

To identify not only his audience but himself with the aspirations of the "average Canadian," Diefenbaker tried to ally his own past with every part of the country. That sense sounded more preposterous than in a Halifax speech when he established his family contact with the Atlantic part by earnestly proclaiming: "Had it not been for the trade winds between here and Newfoundland, my great-great-grandmother would have been born in Halifax."

But all that thunder had little to do with the art of governing the country, and gradually it became clear that Diefenbaker viewed legislation more as a posture than a process; his government never demonstrated any clear purpose except to retain power. His administration's final collapse in

At the University of Saskatchewan, he was a campus power as associate editor of the student newspaper, a member of the students' council, and, as a neurologist, a star on the debating team. A member of the Officers' Training Corps, he was posted to Britain as a lieutenant after graduation and was brevetted home in 1917. His military experiences remain obscure because he rarely discussed them, and reluctantly refused to wear his service ribbons.

# 1916



# 1940



Despite five political losses, Diefenbaker ran in the 1940 general election and, in Griff Territory, won by 280 votes. The party won just 25 seats.

# 1929

The Chief's mother, Mary, shown here with Dietl just after he was made King's Counsel, was a lively woman of Scottish descent who insisted her son get a complete education. Once, when he wanted to drop out of high school and take a job in a bank, she all but carried him back into his classroom.



# 1956

Frustrated and exhausted from six years of battling the Liberals, Tory leader George Drew resigned. The party old guard opposed Diefenbaker as Drew's replacement, but the amiable-faced rooster did his work and by the convention the Chief was able to win on the first ballot over Donald Pawling and George Fulton (below).

Soon after his party formed a minority government, the Chief was in London where he had a 30-minute private audience with the Queen and dinner with the Churchill. Sir Winston was apoplectic when the new Canadian PM decided a glass of Napoleon brandy

# 1957



# 1963

By the autumn of 1962, many powerful Tories had decided that Dief's indecisiveness had turned him into a liability. They started a Cabbagetown non-confidence motion which toppled his government the next year.

1962 (with 17 ministers leaving through various exits during its last 18 months) was like the rise of some great paper-mache temple built for a Hollywood spectacular when the rats come down and wash the whole Technicolor mass into the sea. By the time Diefenbaker had lost his last election as leader in 1965, his once-great Conservative party had been bled into a coalition of the discredited and the dispossessed, with only one Tory surviving in the 59 constituencies of Canada's three largest cities.

Poitiers is in a process of elimination. But John Diefenbaker refused to be eliminated. For him, simply still being there provided some kind of crass proof of his self-importance.

In the last decade of his life he moved on into a private world, becoming a legend of his own imagination, the starved topography of his face illuminating the nation's TV screens as he gazed out sheet-white with sagging at the time. But occasionally the frame would bubble up, such as the joke he would tell his Prince Albert cronies about Pierre Trudeau's swimming pool: "He's a great swimmer, a great athlete. But just after construction he used to get stuck in some of the deep-water areas." Standing alongside, looking down at him was a chap with a sign of accusation on his hat: Trudeau from a get-together and said: "Are you the life guard here? Why didn't you help me?" He replied, "I can't swim." Trudeau then asked him: "How the grizzles did you get the appointment?" He said, "I want you to understand I'm bilingual."

Diefenbaker's partisan fevers never subsided. In the fall of 1972, he was suddenly taken ill during a visit to Wales and

Trudeau extended the courtesy of sending a government jet to bring him home. The ex-prime minister was landed aboard on a stretcher, but during the journey the attending doctor filled him with six pints of blood and enough pain pills so that by the time the plane landed in Ottawa he was able to stride down the ramp. He immediately called a press conference to attack the Liberal's "overpricing habit"—especially their parasitic use of government planes for private trips abroad.

Through John Diefenbaker's long career and longer life, it was always possible to admire the man's instincts without respecting his performance. He was the most prima donna of partisanship, but he shattered touchstones of Canadian political tradition: the idea that the Conservative party was an instrument of Toronto's Bay Street, the long-accepted convention that political leaders in this country should talk grey and act federal, the very notion that prime ministers must hold the vast, violent land of the Canadian establishment.

When a great man dies, some pieces of a country's life are buried with him. That life, which was most dramatically fought in the toro-lobbyist, magnificently delusional over French national television in 1970 by Prime Minister George Price, "General of the Gauls" down, France is a waste.

Canada may not be a nation, but we are no less banished. John George Diefenbaker's passing begs to be taken more as a symbol than an event. We mourn his death as we might grieve for the loss of our own youth, for a way we were and can never be again. □



1967  
Poitiers Standard took over and Diefenbaker turned to his wife, Gisele (who died nine years ago)

Last Thursday the Chief roared into Ottawa and took over his office. He returned to his study, where he died as he had happily lived—working on the business of Parliament. It was a merit and right and for one who so devoutly wished to be known as a man of the House of Commons, he had every right to it. In the fall of 1972, he was visited by Jim Clark and Macrae McTavish, among thousands of others, before being buried in a marble crypt in the basement of the House of Commons.

Alberta Premier Peter Lougheed first told Diefenbaker to keep Ontario's hands out of Alberta's oil wealth, during a private, often tense meeting at Macrae's residence, but still paid Macrae's funeral, where they slacked to feed as that was to meet the other oil-leads, premiers Luter, Lougheed, announced repartees from the Manx Bachelor's terrace and tennis courts to berate Diefenbaker publicly and to accuse his government of taking more in sales tax on gasoline made from Alberta oil than Alberta itself earns on oil shipped to Ontario. "They're taking all of Alberta's resource and doing better on it than we are."

It was Diefenbaker's insouciant understanding of traditional provincial jealousy over control of natural resources that—more than any nationalist rhetoric of chairman Lévesque—under-scored the fundamental economic differences tearing at Canada's political integrity. Though he was one of the modest and quietest participants during closed-door sessions, New Brunswick's Richard Hatfield (who becomes suddenly in-



1966

Party infighting with Diefenbaker resulted in a bitter convention in Ottawa that elected to hold a leadership vote. One of the main architects of his downfall was Galtos Camp, shown above right unmasking the Chief's assassin. Last week Camp said: "He was an adversary of automobile wrecks and I shall miss him."

## The Provinces

# Agreed to disagree: the rich and the rich square off

After pestering his socially sky and willfully wife, Corinne, to the nine English-speaking premiers at the first of many cocktail rounds at last week's conference of provincial leaders, best, least Lévesque whispered reassuringly in her ear: "Well, I think the world is over."

In fact, it was just beginning. What was intended as a relaxed encounter at a costume dinner retreat for wealthy Americans overlooking the St. Lawrence River at Pointe-aux-Pie (now better known as Murray Bay) became an unusually—some said grisly—scuffle for oil money between two of Canada's most populous provinces. As the chummy forms of heavily changed provinces blustered the traditional salutes that passing ships give to the passing Monarch, Newfoundland, the leader of oil-rich-practicing Alberta and fuel-pushing Ontario bowed out their own tributes to the privileges of power and money. Ontario's William Davis promised the confrontation between the rich and the rascally was about to begin by issuing, on the very eve of the conference, a demand that Alberta be officially given below-market value and that money from its sale be shared out among the other provinces—notably Ontario. An angry Alberta Premier Peter Lougheed first told Davis to keep Ontario's hands out of Alberta's oil wealth, during a private, often tense meeting at Macrae's residence, but still paid Macrae's funeral, where they slacked to feed as that was to meet the other oil-leads, premiers Luter, Lougheed, announced repartees from the Manx Bachelor's terrace and tennis courts to berate Diefenbaker publicly and to accuse his government of taking more in sales tax on gasoline made from Alberta oil than Alberta itself earns on oil shipped to Ontario. "They're taking all of Alberta's resource and doing better on it than we are."

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quiescent in the presence of journalists) described his energy stance this way: "I have nothing in mind—except to kill Bill Davis." Manitoba's Sterling Lyon was more evasive. "I think Premier Davis must be having an election." That explanation for Davis' anti-Alberta posturing was shared by many politicians present: the Ontario Conservative leader heads a minority government and could engineer a legislature defeat and provincial election this fall. And predictions present the Ontario Conservative

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premiers' mutual recognition that "the 10% increase in oil prices marked the beginning of a basic change in the world energy picture." Apart from acceptance of that six-syllable news, the leaders of the country's 10 provinces had been their inability to understand each other. So former *Cité-Lévesque's* privately expressed desire to bolster her social confidence by learning English may not make next year's premier's seat in Manitoba any more comprehensible to her. ☐

Ottawa

## 60,000 throats for the Slasher

It was more to swear than anger that Michael Freeland, confidant of Pierre Trudeau, fired in June by Joe Clark as chief of the cabinet office, last week quietly packed up the family belongings for a move into a flat of flats in Cambridge, Massachusetts, as a Harvard professor. And it was entirely coincidental that a pragmatist opponent of Trudeau's ways, Treasury Board President Stéphane (Stéph) Stevens, simultaneously unveiled plans for cuts in the civil service.

The announcement, uttered with Dickensian fervor, was inspired largely by the political imperative of delivering on a prominent Conservative campaign promise, namely the elimination of 60,000 jobs over three years. Stevens has actually given himself 3½ years, until the end of the final year in March, 1983, and has expanded the pruning ground beyond the 300,000 departmental employees under his direct control to the larger work force of 300,000 in Crown corporations and independent agencies.

Meat-and-style, Stevens ordered all departments to eliminate 35,000 jobs by 1982. Crown corporations such as the CBC and Atomic Energy of Canada Ltd., over which Stevens has no direct control, have been asked to eliminate another 3,000 positions. The remaining 20,000 cuts, in contrast to the Conservatives' original proposal, are to come from sacking of some of the 400 Crown corporations in the private sector. Among the candidates under review: Canadian de Haanfield and Blakelock Nuclear. The government, however, has learned, is also studying ways to fold separate agencies into departments (the Canadian Film Development Corporation under Secretary of State) in one proposal—and to sell off parts of other operations (a quarter of Air Canada's shares may be put up for sale to Canadian investors).

The biggest difference, which preoccupied Clark and a modified minority last week, was Petro-Canada, the state-run oil company, about which Clark delayed last June. "We're going to move Petro-Canada into the private sector," last week's lean authority that Ontario's Bill Davis told Clark that was a bad idea, so cabinet is now scrapping it for a compromise that leaves the campaign pledge yet satisfies growing support for Petro-Canada. One option under review is selling off some of Petro-Canada's commercial holdings, such as its 36.7%-percent stake in Westmunt Transco, while preserving its role in risky frontier exploration and oil purchases abroad.

The government also has put into motion a system of streamlining programs that are regarded as unnecessary or that duplicate services in the provinces, such as consumer protection. Next week in Jasper, Alberta, one of the nine cabinet agenda items will be to assign spending settings, known as "envelopes," to nine program areas over-

Canada's work force in Montreal, for example, has been cut from 1,400, when the government took over the struggling aircraft manufacturer in 1976, to 1,370, mostly because of the success of a new small jet, the Challenger. As Liberal Opposition critic Jean-Louis Giguere noted last week, the elimination of profitable companies "will serve to reduce government revenues rather than costs." New Democrats and the 175,000-member Public Service Alliance of Canada, the third largest union in the country, also charged that "Revenueswest" will reduce service to the public. Mr. President Andy Stewart argued that thousands of jobs—from most supervisory to taxation audits of corporations—are staffed automatically by regulation and that two-out-of-eight posts in all departments are bound to "deteriorate the present levels of safety, health and welfare provided by federal public service employees." NDP social policy critic Bill Blaikie submitted that enterprise-management will simply shift cutbacks out into the regions with the re-



Stevens: a certain Dickensian fervor

say by senior ministers. The inevitable elimination of programs is the government's indirect assessment that after—not replacing the 30,000 workers who leave voluntarily each year—isn't the only way to cut back the size of government. The fact is that the best and the brightest often leave voluntarily before the deadlines.

Given the lack of specifics to date,

critics were understandably dubious about the true extent of savings, which Stevens estimated at \$1 billion a year.

Robert Lewis



Quebec

## Meanwhile, back at the ranch . . .

Rest Lévesque's antagonists knew the quickest way to rouse the premier's formidable indignation is to compare an independent Quebec with sensible Third World republics. Yet last week his government and party were sent by a final worthy of the shakiest postcolonial regimes, whose leaders risk returning to a coup d'état each time they leave house.

The cabal began in late July while Lévesque was off in South Yarmouth, Massachusetts, playing tennis, smiling the Cape Cod pads with his wife, Colette, and spicing his vacation with mouthfuls of lobster and clambakes. In the days and days that followed, three of his most powerful ministers ended up in a scheme to save the Parti Québécois from another embarrassing defeat in these imminent by-elections and, at the same time, add a few more seats to the already swollen 147 in the provincial legislature. The three—Finance Minister Jacques Parizeau, Economic Development Minister Bernard Landry and Environment Minister Marcel Léger—are all more uncompromising than their leader in their commitment to independence.

So, desperately looking for a candidate who could break the party's string of three by-election defeats since taking power in 1976, they chose well-known power-lifting Pierre Bourgault, whose

Resarablement pour l'Indépendance Nationale (RIN) preceded the RIN's founding in 1968. Bourgault is perhaps the only Quebec political figure who could root Lévesque himself in orangeflame dual and he attracts a growing number of PQ members frustrated by the premier's ambiguous scheme for "sovereignty-association" and the failure of his government's moderate image to win over converts to the cause.

The appeal to Bourgault—while Lévesque was out of the country and unaware—was a brazen attempt to straighten the government's pre-independence posture and introduce a candidate even against the evident wishes of Lévesque. Now, with the Lévesque-Bourgault clash having provoked an open party break, Lévesque's holiday retreat to a Cape Cod resort seems ironically prophetic: "If you start calling the office, it means you're indispensable—which you're not."

David Thomas

Bourgault's demolition was against the Queen, 1964, and (above) with Lévesque, 1979's frenzied attempt to stanch the PQ split



terbulous to the wishy-washiness of Lévesque and his trusted intergovernmental affairs minister, Claude Martin. Though no one would publicly state this openly, Bourgault's return to active politics from his writing and teaching career at the Université de Québec à Montréal would also warn the PQ's whispering of an eventual leadership rival to Lévesque, particularly should the premier's soft-call referendum strategy fail.

When Lévesque learned of the Bourgault drift, he telephoned the 52-year-old friend in busy Bourgault the promise of a cabinet seat. Bourgault then publicly denied from seeking the PQ nomination in Montreal's Private riding, where Liberal candidate and former national utility task force member Blanche Chagné-Dorland has excellent chances of winning the seat. Back home, tanned but hardly relaxed, Lévesque announced the three by-elections would be pushed back from September to November, ostensibly because of problems in preparing voters' lists. The delay would also give the PQ body needed time to come up with a candidate to Lévesque's liking.

That should have ended the matter. But in an outrageous exhibition of oxyhydrogen, the PQ's Montreal regional chairman, Marc Léveillé, publicly rebuked the premier for discrediting Bourgault's candidacy and party back-biter Guy Bérard. Bérard pleaded with Bourgault to reconsider and seek election even against the evident wishes of Lévesque. Now, with the Lévesque-Bourgault clash having provoked an open party break, Lévesque's holiday retreat to a Cape Cod resort seems ironically prophetic: "If you start calling the office, it means you're indispensable—which you're not."



Ex-ambassador Young, the PLO's Arafat: good intentions can make bad diplomacy

secretary of state Henry Kissinger—not to talk to the PLO unless it explicitly recognized Israel's right to exist.

Unknown to Kissinger (although the Israelis were apparently aware of it), a week before he spoke, Andrew Young had met with Sebti Labib Tariq, the PLO observer at the UN. When this information was leaked to *Newsweek*, possibly by the Israelis, Young tried to hush the story by saying he had "dropped by" the home of the Kuwaiti ambassador to the UN. Young said he left after a brief exchange of "social amusements." A few days later, Young admitted that the meeting with Tariq had actually been prearranged to discuss the proposed US resolution on Palestine. Young wanted debate of the resolution postponed (it was, from July 31 to Aug. 20) to give the US time to work out a compromise that might be acceptable to both Israel and the PLO.

At the time of the Young-Tariq meeting, a compromise seemed possible. PLO chief Yasser Arafat was sounding conciliatory and the Israeli cabinet, badly divided over domestic issues, was in a weak position to argue that any compromise appears out of reach.

The Israelis, appalled at what they saw as a breach of trust by a senior US official, were not at all mollified by Young's reticence. They have served notice that support of a new UN resolution recognizing Palestinian rights would break their fragile truce with Egypt. The Palestinians, stimulated by the clear message American knowingness to Israel, have announced they will stick to a hard line and reject any resolution that does not explicitly recognize their right to an independent state.

In Jerusalem at week's end, Strauss tried desperately to gain the US some room to maneuver. He assured Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin that the US would veto the amendment to the US resolution due to be introduced this week. But when he awoke next morning on the chassis of a subterranean a

ritual exports to help ease shortages in the US, a move the Carter administration insisted was not linked to any American concession to the PLO. But the Israelis were skeptical and their wariness increased when the United States began stepping up arms sales to Arab countries.

The Israelis are also concerned about the proposed United Nations resolution that would recognize the Palestinians' right to their own country, presumably incorporating the Israeli-held West Bank and Gaza Strip. US officials have said they would veto any such resolution if it comes before the UN Security Council but, in a late July dinner with journalists at the White House, Carter raised Israeli doubts about the US commitment when he reportedly labeled the PLO cause to America's own civil rights movement.

That story prompted Vice-President Walter Mondale to reaffirm a four-year-old US commitment—made by former

The furor, which last week saw Israeli Deputy Prime Minister Yigael Yadin in the US and top US Mideast negotiator Robert Straus in Jerusalem on peacekeeping missions, has been mounting for some time. There is growing concern in Israel that its ally, the US, is tailing toward its archfie, the PLO, in the Middle East negotiations. These fears were first provoked in early July when Saudi Arabia increased

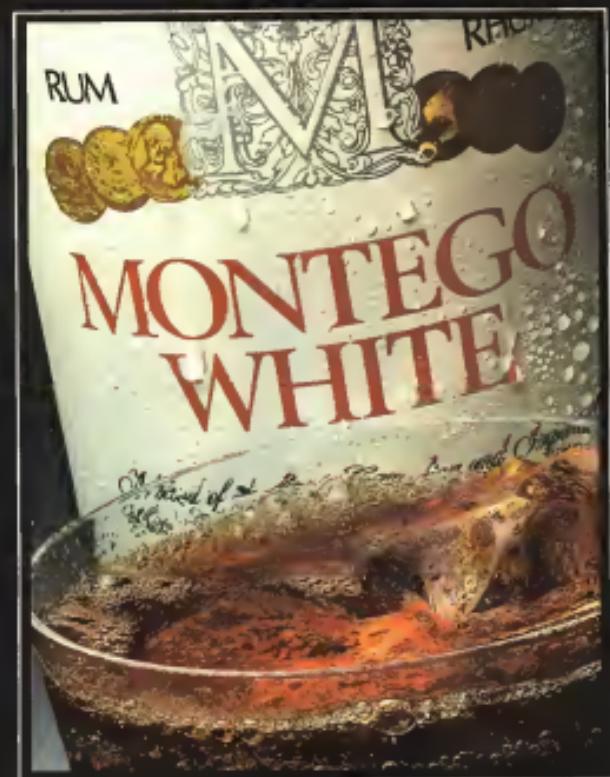
Begin (left) meets a周恩来 (right). Theirs met with negative results.



## World

# Recovering from Young's last gaffe

By Ian Urquhart



Montego White Rum and cola.  
**RRRHUMBA!**

U.S. resolution were palatable to the British, he got nowhere. Said Stevens after the meeting: "I have met with segregation results."

So it appears that the Carter administration has failed in its bid to get the PLO into the Middle East. But without PLO representation the U.S. faces Saudi Arabia on its own. As Yasir Arifat observed wryly, "I have very few cards. But I have the strongest cards."

## Zimbabwe Rhodesia

### Public posturing and private hopes

In Salisbury it had been a week of heated debate within government circles, angry editorials in newspapers and charges of "betrayal" by both whites and blacks. But at the end there was really no alternative. Last Wednesday, the Zimbabwe Rhodesia government quietly announced it would accept Britain's invitation to attend a constitutional conference in London next month. For the embattled African nation, it may be the last chance to end peacefully the bitter seven-year guerrilla war that has sapped the country's vitality—and to regain world recognition.

Still, it was not surprising that the initial reaction of Zimbabwe Rhodesians was mixed. Over the past 14 years, concerted efforts to solve the country's constitutional disputes have given blacks more power while raising whites' fears of black domination—inevitably failed. Conversely, a promised sense of déjà vu pervades the latest British peace plan, endorsed at the recent Commonwealth conference in London, which calls for new elections and amendments to the constitution.



Muzorewa and refugee camp in Zambia: a testy alliance of alliances



Photo © AP/Wide World

The government of Prime Minister Bishop Abel Muzorewa said it would attend only if these were not preconditions, implying it did not like Britain's 11 new constitutional proposals (these significantly, these would reduce the entrenched parastatal powers of the white minority as well as giving their central role in the security forces to the prime minister). And Patriotic Front guerrilla leaders weren't making the prospects any brighter. Robert Mugabe said he would not participate until his guerrilla forces were accepted as the new army of Zimbabwe Rhodesia. And Joshua Nkomo's spokesman cast doubt on several elements of the Commonwealth plan, including Britain's right to supervise new elections.

But underneath all the posturing

there was surprisingly widespread acceptance of the new peace effort. In part, it was a matter of necessity. Muzorewa's 13-week-old ingrown government was struggling to control the reins of power while fumbling with the problems of war, sanctions and sagging national morale. And the Patriotic Front leaders were in a corner since three frontline states on whose backing they depended—Tanzania, Zambia and South Africa—had fully endorsed the proposals.

Both authorities and residents in Zimbabwe Rhodesia believe that ultimately the Commonwealth community amounted to a contract, a means of gaining support for a decision Britain had already made on lifting sanctions and on recognition. Despite beliefs the British have, in effect, massacred the Patriotic Front into submission while fully expecting them to balk again at any terms that fall short of giving them full control.

According to that scenario, the British would then be free to proceed with new elections and recognize the results. Without Patriotic Front participation, the bishop would probably win again. As well, he could not be held responsible for any breakdown because he has already indicated, in private, his willingness to negotiate a new election as well as changes in the constitution.

In other words, the president in Zimbabwe Rhodesia, the moderates can't lose. To them, Police Minister Margaret Thatcher has pulled off a well-calculated shuffling of alliances that will, in the end, give credibility to her original intentions.

But many observers believe the black-dominated government has not adequately considered the key issue of the talks: control of the army and police. White control of the security forces is considered crucial to maintaining the morale of whites—who make up just under four per cent of the population but are still essential to the struggling economy. It also could be significant in the event of a possible civil war between tribal factions.

There is no question, however, that both Muzorewa and the Patriotic Front are under unprecedented pressure to come to terms with black Africa and the Western world. And for the first time in what has to be done and, more importantly, how to do it. There is also a sense of momentum evoked by the Commonwealth conference, almost an exhortation that, this time perhaps, a real settlement leading to a mandate and the installation of an undivided majority rule government will be achieved. But past experience has led many Zimbabwe Rhodesians to advise each other don't hold your breath.

Robbie Wright



U.S.A.

## Nightstick justice in Rizzo's town

By William Lowther

When big Frank Rizzo was first elected mayor of Philadelphia eight years ago, he boasted, "I'm gonna be so tough, I'm gonna make Africa the last place a faggot goes." No one can say that he hasn't tried. But last week it seemed his perseverance may have caught up with him. The federal department of justice filed an unprecedented civil suit charging the city, the mayor and 19 other top officials with corruption, systematic police brutality, the wanton and恣意的 abuse of the city's millions of dollars in government departments' resources and, finally, of Washington. Thought it could scare him into resignation, it was wrong. The mayor has come back as belligerent as ever, regretting nothing and destroying everything.

However, the evidence unearthed in eight-month inquiry is voluminous. It suggests that for nearly a decade, Rizzo and his henchmen have run Philadelphia in Wild West style. For instance, one spring evening about two years ago a young black man drove his car through a stoplight in the downtown area. Twenty witnesses watched in stunned disbelief as several police cars beat him up. They broke nightsticks on his head and shoulders. Brutality complaints poured into the police department. But a few days later, when

Rizzo was personally challenged about the occurrence, he replied, "It's very easy to break some of these nightsticks nowadays."

The Philadelphia police force, the na-

Mayor Rizzo and (above) Africa's beating on him: old promises had to be kept



tion's fourth largest, has 8,000 officers. The police department has not threatened instances of alleged cruelty but police out that, on average, 75 persons are shot each year by the police and there are more than 3,000 complaints annually. Since Rizzo has been mayor, police department statistics show that more than 150 civilians have been killed by policemen.

White and black rights agencies claim that Rizzo has given his police a free hand to beat up criminals and unscrupulous criminals with impunity—especially if they happen to be black or Hispanic and especially if the crime involved is rape or child abuse.

"You might say that we deal out most 'tough justice,'" one detective said last week. He added, "Under the present legal system, we are hell of a lot of these guys who are guilty of rape or murder or child abuse or beating up women, that kind of thing, get off. We know they're guilty and we have to watch 'em walk free. Well, the difference between Philly and some other places is that the mayor knows the score." In fact, before becoming mayor, Rizzo, 58, was police commissioner for four years after being a member of the city force for 24 years.

The brutality stories are legion, but none better documented than the case of Delbert Africa. Africa was a member of a weird black radical group called MOVE which took over a house in the city and refused to move out. They used to raid the house and shoot obscenities over bulletin boards. After nearly two years, the police laid siege to the house to force the group out. In the raid that followed, a police officer was killed and 18 other people injured. Police cleared all buildings from the area before the fight began, but one cameraman hid behind bushes and photographed the event. Toward the end of it, Delbert Africa came out of the house with his hands raised in surrender. Four police immediately set on him and beat him.

The police later said that Africa had left the house with a gun in one hand and an ammunition clip in the other and that they had to attack to stop him shooting at them. They did not know, however, that the whole affair was on film and earlier that month—after the riot—these officers were charged with beating Africa (although they have not been suspended from duty).

The justice department has indicated that if Rizzo is prepared to institute a new order and system whereby all complaints against the police will be properly checked and guilty officers reprimanded in an appropriate way, it will drop the suit. But the mayor, whose term of office ends in four months—he is not eligible for re-election—is ready

to do nothing. He says the suit is politically motivated by President Jimmy Carter to gain the support of black voters.

To back up its demands for change, the federal government can not only sue to court but can cut off federal funds to Philadelphia on the grounds that the city is not offering citizens their constitutional rights. These legal proceedings are a \$4-million grant from the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration says Hines, whose city bills itself as the city of brotherly love. "I'm ready to tell them to take it and stick it."

## Alabama

### Donning robes, fanning flames

It has been a great summer for the Ku Klux Klan. It was delighted last week after 177 charter meetings—"What do we want? White Power. When are we gonna get it? Now!"—were arranged and cracked up in jail in Montgomery, Alabama. Their most incarceration, the biggest in Klan history, could hardly have served their cause better, since it gave them the lastight they wanted.

The arrests climaxed an attempt by Klan members to parade through Montgomery's streets at the end of a Friday, all-white re-enactment of the 1965 Selma-to-Montgomery civil rights march led by the late Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. That march ended with police with batons at the front of the protesters, but Klan members had no desire to march with them. With no resistance, they handed police a travelling arsenal of rifles, handgrenades, knives and exploding chemicals before being led off.

This is the so-called "new Klan," which is seeking respectability by



Klanmen in the heart of the night

avoiding clashes with the police, but which has also become much bolder in its attempts to intimidate blacks. The department of justice reports that in the past 11 months there have been 22 racial incidents involving the Klan in the U.S., compared to 10 in the same period a year earlier. Typical was the incident earlier this month when the home of a black couple who had just moved into a predominantly white section of Birmingham, Ala., was set afire. KKK had been painted on the house.

The Atlanta office of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, an organization that closely monitors extremist groups, estimates that total Klan membership now stands at less than a fifth of estimated membership in the early 1960s—more than 100,000. The figure of only five years ago. Many new members are women and young chapters are sprouting up across the U.S.

Imperial Wizard Bill Wilkinson, of Durham Springs, Louisiana, asked why his group (one of three major Klan or-

ganizations) has gained in membership, and without hesitation: "Affirmative action programs." The Weber decision by the Supreme Court has done more to make a race war possible in this country than anything the Klan has done."

The "Weber decision" refers to the case involving Brian Weber, a 30-year-old white employee who challenged in the Supreme Court a voluntary co-operation, job training program that gives preference to blacks. By a vote of 5 to 2 the court held that affirmative action programs are legal. Now, some civil rights leaders in the South see the issue as potentially more threatening to racial peace than the key civil rights issues of the 1960s—school integration, for example—because affirmative action directly affects the power and status of the overwhelming. At the same time, the blacks are more militant than they used to be and the likelihood of escalating racial violence is great. As Charles Wintrebert, legal counsel for B'nai B'rith in Atlanta, put it: "There is under as place that's a spark campaign."

William Lovelher

in the U.S. Army has left Pentagon security expert gauging.

According to an informed U.S. official, Madson was arrested last week. The thefts were apparently set up. Madson worked as a security guard for the Strategic Warning Staff at Pentagon office that houses the U.S. "spying" against hostile agencies against the United States and its allies." The thefts might have gone unnoticed except that Madson disclosed some of his work to an informant, Richard Poffle. The FBI methoded with a hidden telephone and he came back with eight documents, all classified top secret.

The FBI had no idea how easy it was to infiltrate the Pentagon until they sent undercover agent William Chapin posing as a drug smuggler to see Madson. The unsuspecting informant bragged that he

could get Chapin into the Pentagon without a hoot—and he did. Madson signed her in under an assumed name and then they wandered through the sensitive areas freely. Chapin picked up the "leak," showed her a paper called the U.S. R. Magazine, and got her to sign it. Madson slipped him off his feet to an informant, Richard Poffle. The FBI methoded with a hidden telephone and he came back with eight documents, all classified top secret.

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"But we are trying to see if there's need to be concerned."

Pauline Bourgouin

## Business

# A Roman bearing gifts

By Anthony Whittingham

People in the dairy cattle industry must be scratching their heads this month and wondering where in turnabout he finds the time. Surely Stephen Roman has enough on his hands, what with the big cattle sale next week at Rossdale Farms, just north of Toronto, without running off to Denver, Colorado, to look at oil wells. And there's the money: why would a man who stands to make at least \$1 million by selling one of the last Molson beers in the country want to turn around and borrow hundreds of millions of dollars—yes, hundreds—to buy more oil company when his first bet doesn't even know what's to happen next?

Stephen Roman does like to keep things going. He's a man well-known for wearing his pajamas and his pajamas like an open shirt, but when it comes to business dealings he moves like a man on fire. As president of Rossdale Farms, he already had dairy farmers on board with speculation when he doctored his offer last week—co-chairman, president and principal shareholder of Toronto's Dennis Mines Ltd.—and got the investment community knocking on their doors by announcing what may be the largest private equity buy in Canadian history.

If Dennis Mines succeeds in its plan—the acquisition of Denver-based Reserve Oil & Gas Ltd., including its oil-rich Canadian subsidiary in Calgary, Canadian Reserve Oil & Gas Co. for \$225 million (U.S.), Dennis will nearly triple its size overnight and become what some analysts are describing as potentially the most dynamic energy company in the country. Dennis, now famous as Canada's largest supplier of uranium from its Elliot Lake mine near Sudbury, Ontario, will suddenly become a major force in the Canadian oil and gas industry as well.

Just how long the company has been eyeing Reserve Oil as a potential take-over target is not known. Roman's many closely held secrets. He acknowledges that the two companies began discussing the deal "a year ago" about two months ago on the advice of Dennis's consultants. The fact that Reserve's directors seem to have welcomed Dennis's approaches with open arms must in itself be healthy news for Roman. While never backing away from a song,

he suffered a sharp rebuff a year ago from Prospect Minerals Co., a New York company which as opposed Dennis's predatory swiftness around that it followed Dennis's corporate wallet by nearly \$50 million (U.S.) to buy back a 30-per-cent interest in its own stock—which Dennis had acquired, apparently

overtures to purchase another uranium property last year, most observers see Roman has had his real sights set on all the time, and that the Reserve bid proves it.

"This is all very well," cautions Gordon Bell, broken with the Toronto investment consulting firm of MacDowell



Roman in his Toronto office, potentially Canada's next dynamic energy company

entity, as a prelude to a take-over bid that was never made.

Roman is loath about Dennis's existing service to the oil and gas field—widely joint-venture operations in Greece and Spain—but it's no secret that he has had the future of the company pepped for some time on expansion within North America. It appears to all his instincts autonomous, growth, stability, empire, power. "I am pleased," he told MacDowell, "to be guiding a Canadian company to reach abroad, creating a multinational energy corporation dominated in Canada."

No one in the energy industry today doubts Dennis's need to expand and diversify. Though still the cornerstone of its oil and gas business, a reliable grey trail for Dennis to come, Dennis's uranium interests are now compared to Ontario Hydro, along with foreign customers Japan and Spain, for the next 30 years. The Ontario commitment alone is expected to give Dennis a profit of nearly \$3 billion over the life of the contract. Though Dennis made

gall, MacDougall and MacTier, and came to an agreement with Roman at Dennis. "However, it remains to be seen whether the deal will ever actually go through." While there's general admiration among industry observers over Dennis's move to acquire Reserve, there's an equal measure of skepticism and doubt. What passes most analysts is the price tag, \$27.50 (U.S.) a share, which they feel will do little more than break out a raft of other eastern producers prepared to offer more. The total cost to Dennis would be more than \$600 million (Canadian)—ranking it the third largest, take-over in recent Canadian history, exceeded only by the Thomson family purchase of the Hudson's Bay Co. and Petro-Canada's acquisition of Pacific Petroleum Ltd. Admittedly, it's a huge sum, but, say more observers, within Dennis's grasp through bank loans probably engineered by the Royal Bank (though Dennis refuses to disclose its financing plan).

With analysis describing Reserve's selling price as "a bargain," it's clear Dennis will go ahead with the purchase if it gets that far. Between now and November, however, the earliest

### The spy who made it look so easy

Lee Eugene Madson looked lost in the Virginia courtroom. His face was pale behind a scraggly beard and his rumpled shirt and pants had obviously been slept in. He sank lower into his chair as Judge Dren Lewis handed him a copy of the indictment. "I don't want you talking to those reporters. This isn't going to be another case tried by the press." It's not a case just like any other. Despite the instructions Madson's case is a hardly commonplace. Accused of stealing at least eight top-secret documents from under the noses of security guards and selling them for \$6000 (the profit on getting at least another \$100,000), the 24-year-old year

most feel the deal can be concluded, it's altogether possible a higher offer will appear on the horizon. Whether Denison would then be willing to engage in a bidding war no one knows. Some skeptics question Denison's motives for flitting with the deal is the first place. They see the faint mirror of the "Branson syndrome"—an attempt to take over a company so large that the scandalous corporation itself becomes immune to take-over. (It's no secret that Dome Mines Ltd., with a 10-per-cent interest in Denison, is owed only to Branson's commanding position, has given Denison some long-fingered looks.) Others hear an echo of the "Preempt sellers"—Denison's own earlier maneuver of unloading its clutch of shares at a tidy profit when the price went up.

The point of the speculation is not to suggest any questionable motives on the part of Denison, or Branson himself, who is held in somewhat less esteem in the business community. It merely points out how precisely shrewd he is, as Denison seems to gain whichever way the deal develops.

Even if it does fall apart, Branson may find he stays in touch with Denison's president, Paul D. Meadows, anyway. Meadows raised cattle himself. □

## The Leviathan of Yonge Street

For all their seemingly inexhaustable ability to boast about their own city, Torontonians can't go on forever claiming their eminence on the CN Tower at the best and the biggest. So it has come as a real shot in the arm to Hagonow's civic boosters to have Cadillac Fairview Corp. open the second phase of its multi-tiered Eaton Centre, adding a whole new spin of anticipated superlatives that should keep Torontonians clutching for months to come. According to Cadillac—the largest real estate company in North America—Toronto can now lay claim to the largest single shopping complex on the continent, housed in the longest glass-enclosed galleries in the world.

And why stop there? The new Eaton Centre also offers the world's largest configuration (96) of individual Canada geese suspended from one ceiling (a \$600,000 aspersion by Canadian artist Michael Snow) as well as one of the world's most intricate and complex neon signs (advertising the Toronto-Dominion Bank)—not to mention a major contender for the world's boldest building left standing while the spanking new glass gem and the entire west wing

are under construction.

All this for a mere \$365 million. Among them, Cadillac Fairview and its two partners—T. Eaton Co. and the Toronto-Dominion Bank—have succeeded in creating an inner city shopping complex and urban "spine" that has few equals in North America and that al-



Eaton's geese. A carbuncle on the Rock

mas & Mazzana struggle to put the pieces together in spite of Cadillac Fairview's lack of success in impinging McMaster University of Hamilton, Ontario, to sell a key corner property if it happened to own, this under lease to F.W. Woolworth Co. Ltd. That building—which has since changed both owners and tenants and is now occupied by a discount clothing store—may remain forever as a carbuncle on the flank of the Eaton complex.

The more people it draws in, the better—whether from Yonge Street or from the wider of Buffalo—so far as Eaton Centre's 275 odd retail tenants are concerned, they need all the traffic they can get to keep up with some of the highest retail rents in Canada (top price \$75 per square foot). If Toronto—nations—or tourists—ever tire of the Eaton Centre, not only the merchants but the entire downtown core would have cause for noisy lamentation. □

This last distinction was achieved Eberhard Zeidler with partners Greg

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**A**ble **David Steinberg** played himself recently during the taping of *Nothing Personal* in Toronto. The script called for **Donald Sutherland**'s broadcasting character to appear on *The Tonight Show* and express a multicultural view involving nuclear missiles, seal pups and native art choices. **Jeffrey Combs** was unavailable, so Steinberg sat in as host with Sutherland, and Combs' wife, **Mia**, **Wendy**, filled the third slot on the all-Canadian, uncensored talk show. "Steinberg is a character I wouldn't like to play again," sighed the 31-year-old comic. "The lights were turned off, Steinberg's star is finally fading. Hollywood-style and his schedule is so busy that he will barely have time to be himself. His latest film, *Anything Short of Forever*, will be unveiled next month and following that Steinberg is to make his theatrical debut with *Home on the West* *Starstruck*, in which he will also star opposite **Sean Connery** and **Calista Lemer**. From that role, as a *Freudian* psychiatrist, who plays analyzer to a small western town, Steinberg will direct a film called *Dreamhouse* with **Billy Field**. "Every evening in Los Angeles is walking around with a three-picture deal," he says with tongue-in-cheek modesty.

**F**or three years **Beverly D'Angelo** romped with **Randall Henricks** singing in bars that rock until the stock stopped. Five years later the sensuously frolicking 26-year-old is singing a different tune. As the star of *Miss Fortune*'s hippie-dippy cultified version of *Mou* she achieved international recognition, which helped her win the role of

**Sutherland, Russell and Steinberg**  
in *Canadian*, uncensored talk show

country and western singer **Patty Cimino** in the auto-biographical story of country queen **Lataille Lyons**, Coal Miner's Daughter, which will be released next year. With her career in high gear, D'Angelo has now shifted into a role that requires her comedy and dramatic skills but has not been tested yet. In the comedy action drama *Highpoint* she plays the daughter of crafty **Charles Ingalls** **Primrose**, who played dead in order to fall in \$40-million paper and ends up dead in what should be one of the film industry's most memorable inserts: a fireball dies off Toronto's 1,022-foot CN tower. D'Angelo doesn't have to fall with him, but she will be taking a perilous caboose ride through the cobble streets of old Quebec City at full gallop and has already refused a stunt person to stand in on some cliff-hanging scenes in California. "She's terrific," says producer **Sammy Fing**. "Beautiful, exciting and very brave. We just hope she doesn't get killed."

**E**ver in exile, the **Shah of Iran** can have a devastating effect on the workings of the world. His latest coup is losing **Robert Armano**, New York City's expand-official greater, away from his welcoming post to polish up the deposed tyrant's public image. "What I am trying to do is to restore his majesty and put his life back in order," says Armano, 36, who started his career as a volunteer in



D'Angelo: not killing herself

the late **Julius A. Rockefeler's** campaign. It was Rockefeller who introduced Armano to the Shah and urged the New Yorker to visit Iran shortly before the royal family fled into exile. An experienced Iranian with his own thriving business, Armano acted as spokesman and chief of staff for the Shah while he was in the Bahamas and he has been in constant contact with the family since their flight to Mexico City. "I hope to help him get his story out," says silk-tongued Armano. "He referred to as a dictator by the press. I can't put my finger on why he got the image he did."

**H**ank **Isaacs** would have appreciated the irony of it all. Last June, Halifax's Neptune Theatre thought it had a soap on its hands **Mia Farrow**, the little lost child of *Requiem for a Nun*, was slated to star in a *Highpoint* production. Isaacs's masterpiece, *The Master Builder*, True to Isaacs, artist Farrow may be trying to surmount her own limitations—because she has been reengaged on the continent. That encounter leads to the conclusion that Isaacs's theme, the conflict between one's own needs and the needs of others. Farrow, in *Jesus Christ* **Madonna**, is what she then considered "a perfectly

constructed play" with "a perfect role for everyone," has opted out in favor of the lead in **Barrett**'s latest play, *Romantic Comedy*, which is slated for a year-long run on Broadway with **Anthony Perkins** taking up Neville's slack. Regardless of their leading lady's professional whims, the Neptune plans to go ahead with the February production, and they won't be without U.S. star **Edie** **Goddard**. **Tony Randall**, who starred in last season's Neptune production of *Annie Get Your Gun*, will direct *The Master Builder* with or without the female Farrow.

**T**he last thing I see myself as is a sex symbol," says **Barbara Anderson**, 38, who helps sell lingerie and mattresses between her TV variety and drama reverses. **Anton**'s fortune swung into her hands following her failure to click with the public. She has her own TV variety series and various episodes of the best-forgetten *Chippendales* serial. Even more devastating was her feature film debut in *Goldfinger*, which over **Jessica Lohman** and **Linda Cahn** couldn't save from a virtual career of emulated boobtastic. Fortunately, as the escort crew with her singing act, Anton will be lighting up the Canadian National Exhibition grandstand in Toronto later this month in 40 extravagant productions, in which

she shares billing with self-deprecating comic **David Brenner**. Perking up the former Miss America *runaway*-up image is going to be particularly difficult since NBC honcho **Pat Michael** recently dubbed her "the *Miss Universe* of the '80s," a label any *Jiggle* star would have difficulty living down.

**A**fter all he went through with the *High Adventure*, **Pat**, I'd think that **Parley Mowat** would have washed that boat right out of his hair, but not so. The swinging heroine of Mowat's 1969 book *The Boat Who Wouldn't Float* sailed, however nippily, back into the life-flinging author's life last month and will weigh anchor before the end of August from Mowat's summer home at River Bourgeois in Cape Breton. Before the launching Mowat, 38, plans to rechristen the congenitally leaky craft with a bottle of *Locon Blue* Rum because, as he sees it, "there's nothing stronger available." He would actually have been content to let the two-masted fishing schooner rest in peace but local boathauler **Jim Beausoleil** insisted that she was too beautiful to die, and as an act out returning *Happy* to her present state, highandry, looking slightly but very innocently, even though Mowat's name behind the boat will float, he has decided not to wear his famous tattered *Hi* at the launching, saying, "I'm not taking any chances of getting my kit wet."

**G**reece did not lose an actress when **Marina Mavromaci** was elected to parliament in 1977—it gained a fine politician. For the past two years the corseted Mavromaci, 54, has been putting in 16-hour days as behalf of her constituents in the impoverished port of Piraeus, the locale of her 1968 hit *Mister on Sunday*. Her busy schedule has left only vacation time for the sun and setting commitments, including last year's critically acclaimed *A Dream of Passion* in which she co-starred with **Elton Huston**. While parliament was out for summer recess, Mavromaci travelled to Toronto with husband **John Cassini**, 58, who is preparing to film *Circle of Two* with **Richard Burton** and **Tatum O'Neal**. "I won't see Julie for the next three months and I wanted to be with him," she said, but while Cassini was involved in casting sessions Mavromaci couldn't resist a little politicking. For two hours one afternoon she glad-handled her way through Greek stores, restaurants and backstage halls, stopping to talk, mostly politics, and visiting clubs. Mavromaci for a taste of soup or nibble of mousaka. Never missing an opportunity, to Cassini went recess to work on a film about Greek immigrants which she says will be "good propaganda for Canada, good for Greeks and amazing for the world."

Edited by **Marta Bechtel**

Mavromaci glad-handing for Greece



STEINBERG



## Sports

# Riders to the cruel sea

It hardly matters that Canada's team came 19th out of 18 nations in the America's Cup yacht races last week. Its victory came when all four crews of the Evergreen, Maritius, Parchus and Maguire survived the gale-force winds in the concluding race, the Fastnet, which descended in safety and wonched 22 yachts of the 206 in the fleet.

Only Maguire completed the 605-mile Fastnet course from the southwest tip of England to Ireland and back through winds up to 65 miles per hour. Parchus sought shelter in Cork and Dingle, Ireland, the first to pull out, sailed back to Plymouth, and so did Maritius.

The Fastnet race was the worst disaster in sailing history. While the dead (two Americans, two Dutch, 10 British and one unidentified man) were mourned, insurance companies braced for an estimated \$1 million in claims and British taxpayers picked up the \$2-million bill for the rescue of 130 yachtsmen.

As the magnitude of the disaster became evident last week, an official inquiry began, with promises of separate investigations by the British government and the Royal Yacht Sailing Club, organizers of the race. Charing and coast-charge fees.

At the centre of the controversy was the question—why was the race not canceled? The official race committee was the British destroyer *Overlord*. Her commander wanted the race stopped.

The Andrina, one of 22 boats sunk or abandoned, yachting's worst disaster

of the yachtmens have only themselves to blame for the disaster. They took risks which normally they would not take." Said New Yorker Stephen Colgate. "I had a radio and I shut it off. I didn't want to hear it. All we thought about was trying to win the race."

On numerous radio reports of the tragedy, starved *Overlord* crew received his Canada's Cup champion Evergreen toward Plymouth Safety in port, he and his crew described 45- to 65-foot waves that "bounced their boat before the storm."

The other Canadian yachts, though more fortunate, were not so lucky as Evergreen. En route to Plymouth, the Maguire almost capsized. The crew was almost forced to abandon ship when they narrowly missed running aground at Portland Rock, the turnaround point of the race. Dennis Houghart of Maguire and the wife joined the yacht about like a toy. "We could feel the boat going out, bodies catapulted across it. We were buried from our heads," Andre Caille added. "It seemed to take hours to get in the top of a wave."

There are no immediate changes planned pending the reports from the inquiry and investigations and no plans to ban the always-demanding race. As Commodore Harry said, "Otherwise we would not prostate Englishmen."

## Sports Column

### The pealing anthem swells and dies before the jeering throng and begs the question, why?

By Trent Frayne

**W**hy is the joy department the last refuge of the national anthem? Why do the sports promoters repeatedly sing O Canada upon the paying guests? Why bring in pop singers and country singers and even opera singers to conduct rousing battles with the words and make the composer land down? Are they aware that if they don't stay pretty soon, somebody's apt to blow up the grandstand?

Maybe it's because victory has long shaded the noble athletes in the trappings of Toronto that the fans there have become a trifle tony. A while back, just before the Argonauts played a football game with the Hamilton Tiger-Cats, a Welsh nightingale named Vic Franklin rendered the words, slow of tempo and with the lyrics of the rarely heard second verse. The 40,000-plus fans broke into prolonged boos, thinking the words were Franklin's own. They were not.

Or maybe it's not going to pay him the \$1000 he was supposed to get because he didn't do what he was supposed to do," sternly pronounced Doug Philpott, manager, communications and promotions.

"When we hired him I told him to make sure he did the standard version, with a French and a quick tempo," growled John Higgins, director, finance and administration.

In Toronto, enjoyment of the French language represents a mighty difficult venture. It is the task in which, 30 years ago, the slacker fathers decided to segment a few traffic signs with initials of French to help Mr. Trudeau's pitch for bilingualism. The word *ARRÊT* appeared under the word *STOP* at an intersection. This heady incursion into a monod culture drew a rapid response. A guy drove into town from the nearby hamlet of Oakville with his foot on the accelerator and his hand on his gun. When he reached the offending intersection he fired the STOP/ARRÊT octagonal full of shotgun holes.

More recently, when the world, now second-worst, came in baseball, the be-

leved Toronto Blue Jays, played a home engagement last season, management turned the audience over to a slender throat named Ruth Ann Wallace. The customers waited for Ruth Ann to wrap up her stand on guard for three when suddenly she dropped a car horn-beat note over them. Good God, the thought flashed through 44,827 minds, that's *French!* Franklin had filled the sky, and the commotion over Ruth Ann's French phrases didn't die down for days.

It's not just in Toronto, of course, that



sports events set the vehicle for these endless forays into extremes: playing not in the sun itself but in the end of it. The Canadian Football League's commissioner's office has issued instructions to the non-member teams on how the players are to conduct themselves during the anthem: starting players are to stand at the 50-yard line, each team facing the other, helmets cradled in the left arms. Non-starting players must line up along facing sidelines, also holding helmets in the approved manner.

Why is this? Why is it that football and baseball and hockey feel it a compulsion to play the anthem? Is it patriotism, and if so, is it done in the name of golf tournaments and tennis tournaments and horse racing, among other professional sports, see amateur because they desire to play it?

"In terms of rules and regulations I can't tell you why we do it but I believe very strongly in it," says J.C. (Jack) Gaiaudi, the CRT's communications. "This may sound pretty corny but I think

there are damned few things said or done to remind us we are one nation, and therefore it's a good thing. We have 12 football games in a season as the playing of the anthem may seem repetitive, but rather than complain that I suggest it might serve some purpose if it were done every day."

It's arguable, though, that the word "repetitive" is the key word in this era of long, long schedules and overlapping seasons. In the National Hockey League, now, no Canadian station has 45 home games each plus pre-season exhibitions and playoffs. In Toronto and Montreal there are 76 and 75 baseball dates respectively. For the majority of games there are two national anthems because U.S.-based teams are visitors.

"Not in my rack," cries the not exactly incoherent owner of the radio-station Maple Leaf's, Harold Bellard. "We don't play the American anthem and to be honest with you, I don't know why we continue to play the Canadian one. I don't see much merit in it these days. It's a shocker to the way you feel, switching to the spirit and all. People want to go to the rock or the open road, then come to see a honking anthem. Hell, if we played the American one, first thing you know, with all the lead-heads of people coming over here, they'd be wanting there, too." Standby, Harold.

In the U.S. they don't have this problem. One Star-Spangled Banner grates all. Well, grates isn't quite the word because it's a fact that few songs are treated with less reverence by sports fans: whatever sangified is tearing the old vocal chords to shreds on that anthem's terrifying range of notes.

To judge by the reaction of the captive audiences at sports events, then, the generators could do everybody a favour if they'd put a bit on the national anthem and somehow persuade the commissioner of the CFL that there may be an alternate route on the polka-beat ride to victory.





## Cinema

# Descent into hell

By Lawrence O'Toole

When he was a little boy Francis Coppola must have thought he saw glimpses of mountains that nobody else could see. He made movies with titles such as *The Rich Millions* and, charged admission to them. Stricken with polio and confined to bed for a year, he played around with puppets and puppet theatre. When he was nine he wrote a letter to his mother that read, "Dear Mommy, I want to be rich and famous. I'm so discouraged. I don't think it will come true." Being Italian and Catholic, he must have heard somewhere that faith moves mountains, or in his case at least outlined them more clearly. He hitched himself to his ambitions and, at 40, he is the most celebrated and controversial movie director alive.

After he had spent nearly two years in the Philippines jungle making his \$11-million Vietnam War epic, *Apocalypse Now*, he wrote a note to himself, which his wife, Eleanor, found. It read, in part: "My nerves are shot—My heart is broken—My imagination is dead. I have no self-reliance—but here a child just wants someone to rescue me." Last week, during the eleven hours before the film's release, he told *Maclean's*, "I

think modern film directors should be heroes. It always amazes me how people are so apollinarian of a hero in a movie who is able to run a fraction of a second faster than someone else, or leap a little higher. It's as though because it's something you can measure with a stopwatch that you can say, 'Ah, this man is truly a hero.' But in the arts, people are so frightened to say, 'Ah, this man is a hero.' When they asked Sir Edmund Hillary why he climbed Mount Everest, he said, 'Because it was there.' I behaved a renovation that wasn't there, which in my opinion is harder. All artists are basically trying to climb mountains they can't see and that aren't there."

Back from the mountain, having bagged the biggest and most brilliant movie in American film history (see review, page 37), Coppola has become the easiest target going the expense and breadth of the film, the publicity that proliferated around it and Coppola's over-the-road dramatic diatribes for things commonplace all combined to produce sniper after sniper. To apply a metaphor he used in *The Godfather*, he looks as large as an octopus puppet dangling in a showing gallery. Critic groups he may be but he's never, and everyone wants a piece of the action. Everyone,

Coppola shooting *Apocalypse Now*: "My nerves are shot... my heart is broken."

now, has an opinion about the gung-ho gamble he has taken with *Apocalypse Now* given the \$75 million required to cover all its costs. Will Coppola's personal fortune, won from his two Godfathers, either spent or mortgaged to make the film, be salvaged? And who does he think he is anyway?

Nothing energizes both the popular press and the popular imagination as much as the anticipation of disaster, the forebodings of ruin—especially when the subject of possible ruin is elusive and can't be easily explained. At a press conference in New York for 120 Canadian and American journalists, Coppola set looking bemused but intent, swatting stupid questions... a whale in a goldfish bowl! Hiding behind his shaded, bare-rimmed glasses, he assumed the model of decorum, but was something underneath. Eleanor Coppola had just published *Notes*, a revealing journal of the filming of *Apocalypse*, charting the disintegration of their marriage and Coppola's

The helicopters, insects of Vietnam sky: David (left) and Eleanor (right) make the victory

own physical and emotional disintegration. Sodden with wine, he thought of his wife's frank memoirs, he regaled with amateurish anecdotes and bad puns. Afterward, as his wife was asked how people could ask such questions, "Freddie was really very hurt," an associate said. "Why do people do that?"

One obvious reason is the impression fostered by the press that Coppola has an elephantic ego. Earlier in the year he broke the rules by showing *Apocalypse* as a work-in-progress at the Cannes Festival—in competition. Board of the Film then shared the grand prize: The truck. To add insult to injury, Coppola called the U.S. press, "the most decadent, most unethical, most lying pressmen you can encounter." Unintelligible? Now he says, "The press took some unfair and unflattering shots at me I guess I was getting angry."

The movie business doesn't appreciate outbursts and Coppola had severed himself from the Hollywood studio sys-

tem, building his own empire, American Zoetrope, in San Francisco. An update from the UCLA film school, he had, in the space of a few years, turned into a tycoon. In 1973 a memo from Coppola to his employees found its way into the pages of *Esquire*, confirming the movie myth: "This company... purely and simply, it is me and my work... There was also the dramatic and harrowing and family drama... that may lead somewhere in the formation of a picture director." Strong family ties, the cropping of plots and the fact that the family moved 30 times because of his father's career difficulties—all of these things must have contributed to Coppola's intense desire to prove himself—and were no mere letters like the one he wrote his mother when he was nine.

He knew the path to power. In 1967 he told a magazine, "I pattern my life on Hitler in this respect. He didn't just take over the country. He worked his way into the existing fabric first." (The quote was quickly resurrected when the *Apocalypse* hoopla began.) He later clarified it: the only way to become independent of the industry was to achieve power in it. He quickly landed at a small job for B-movie king Roger Corman, who was known to let eager and good workers have a crack at making movies—the result being *Dementia II*, which had a \$5 budget. (He also made a few soft-core porn flicks.) He became a crackpot scriptwriter and surgeon, made "small" movies like *You're a Big Big Man* and *The Bass People*, then *Finian's Rainbow* (1968)

humored but made her name with the establishment. Blauner packed up his first Oscar for co-writing *Portuguese-Man-of-War*, and got the directing job on another larger-than-life charmed movie, *The Godfather*. Though he was on the verge of being fired every other week, and though everyone was convinced he didn't know what he was doing with the material, he finally finished it and made movie history—for the first time. (*His* association and fascination with recording devices began with *The Godfather*; he used a tape recorder by Brando to persuade Paramount to allow the actor, neophyte a box-office draw, to play Don Corleone. Later he filmed a how-to study of an electric eavesdropper, *The Conversation*. Use of the cast affecting scenes in *Apocalypse* involves a tape and the movie itself is an advance in sound recording.) Not granting interviews last week, he responded to a series of questions from MacLean's as long as he could send in the answers (on tape).

After *The Godfather* became the highest grossing movie in history, Coppola could not let his own standards. Adopting a patrician system set up by the Italian "fathers," he nurtured young directors. When studios had

turned down George Lucas' *American Graffiti*, Coppola was responsible for getting it distributed and launching it. (See "West! rocket-like career" John Milosch, who drafted the first screenplay of *Apocalypse*, has called Coppola the "Big Apple Mussolini," adding, "You cannot overemphasize the importance he has had. If this generation is to change American cinema, he is to be given the credit or the discredit.") Other people's opinions of him (if you can get anyone to say anything) are ambiguous.

Having played patriline to talented young film-makers, though only in his 30s himself, and having copied three Oscars for producing, directing and writing *Godfather II*, he threw it all over—the extreme financial cost, the real, living and breathing Francis Coppola has become almost invincible, which suits him just fine. "I'm tired of having my personal life spread out like melted butter. I'm tired of hearing whether I was okay or not during the making of *Apocalypse Now*." He simply wants to make movies. Angry over the whole movie situation, when Steven McQueen, Jack Nicholson, James Caan and Al Pacino all turned down roles in *Apocalypse*, he picked up his five Oscars in frustration and threw them out the window.

No stranger to the broad, operatic and luridious gesture, he conducted a promotional campaign from a yacht in the harbor at Cannes. On the set in the Philippines for his birthday there was a cake six-foot-by-eight-foot. Yet, like the very rich, he can be terribly scrupulous about money. The supreme slap in the face to Hollywood came earlier this year when he turned down an offer by *Time* to direct a picture for \$2 million plus a percentage of the gross, probably the largest he ever earned a director. For his next project, an adaptation of Gustave Flaubert's *Aphraite et Zola*, he's rented a house in Japan. He seems to be one of those people who live in the future tense.

Because he is, technically, the most advanced director of his time, MacLean's asked him what a bad director looks like. "God, I never thought of that. I would say really that the director is nothing more than a voice-machine. He's a guy out there who's saying yes and so is this and that. When you're making a film you're always a million miles away from the finished film. In the case of *Apocalypse Now*, 21 million feet of footage [it] takes a good conceptualist to get that thing in his head so he knows what to say yes to and what to say no to."

"For me the greatest talents are the ability to conceptualize, the capacity to feel true emotions—great emotions—for a human being. Too many directors

the last, Martin Sheen's heart attack, Coppola invites spectators from the public on how to end the movie and, finally, the release dates being shuffled about, until the joke was *Apocalypse When?*

When the day of judgment was at hand and the pictures about to be released, he had the nerve to boast his achievement: "I'm real proud of *Apocalypse Now*. I think it's really a beautiful film and I think it's a more grandiose achievement than I had ever hoped for while working on it. The time was with it. But I think I will always be making films that are a little out of my grasp."

The astute critic, especially as far as the press is concerned, is that the man is a myth. It seemed one myth

around him and he created another.

The real, living and breathing Francis Coppola has become almost invincible, which suits him just fine.

"I'm tired of having my personal life spread out like melted butter. I'm tired of hearing whether I was okay or not during the making of *Apocalypse Now*."

He simply wants to make movies.

Angry over the whole movie

situation, when Steven

McQueen, Jack

Nicholson, James

Caan and Al

Pacino all turned down roles in *Apocalypse*, he picked up his five Oscars in frustration and threw them out the window.

that too much of directing is how you set up the camera and how you stage the scene—that's really pretty easy to do. The hard thing is to go into the netherworld of human behavior." The self-made man, looks again to the future. "I want to kinda get away from *Apocalypse*, get away from being encumbered by the things surrounding the film. They made me into this colossus. I really feel like a fool in the way they chose to depict my work. If that changes and people like my film, then I'll be encumbered as something else." *Apocalypse Now* has been an ordeal, and it's over, for Coppola, he says through. "My strong desire right now is to get away from the world of promotion and distribution of movies. Maybe even enjoy myself a little bit."

But he also said, "I would like to be able to make films that no-one ever even thought of making."

More mountains, and dragons. ☀

## It's Canada's Choice. Naturally.

### Crawling on the edge of a razor

APOCALYPSE NOW  
Directed by Francis Coppola

"For men the devil of violence, and the devil of greed, and the devil of hot desire, but by all the stored there were strong, strong, red-hot demis, that snapshot and dress men...."

—Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*

Watching *Apocalypse Now* is like having a series of doors opened for you, each revealing the phosphorescent imagery of hell. You walk out of it shaken up, all powers of judgment rattled. Because it is visually, sonorously and emotionally unlike any other movie, it radically changes the perceptions and responses you bring to movies. And because it creates no standards of film-making, new standards of criticism have had to be brought to it. Descriptions of "good" or "bad" are pointless. *Apocalypse Now* is such an awesome man-made piece of work—a kind of galaxia—that it goes far beyond traditional considerations of good and bad.

The conclusion it's bound to stir comes from being led—not pushed—into new territory. The ravine begins on a high-pitched note and never lets up. The ride itself it rarely goes down, down, down to depths to which you thought the soul could never descend, and some of the audience's disbelief might manifest itself as anger. *Apocalypse Now* may be the first great work of movie art that people will hate. There has never been

so bleak and cold, so stoic a view of humanity as this one. Is Coppola's *Demolition Man* as it's already feasible what T.S. Eliot called "death's other Kingdom?" and hell becomes habitable. There is no way out.

*Apocalypse Now* begins with a stunning montage of superimpositions: the face of a man mixed with the sight and sound of helicopters and burning napalm in the jungle Jim Morrison of The Doors is singing. This is the end my friend.... The images fade in and out, shift position, helicopter blades whirr (seemingly right over your head) into the song. The face, we find, is that of



The numbered and painted faces of *Apocalypse Now's* crew: how auto men become madmen



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Captain Willard (Martin Sheen), a war veteran alone in a Ragged hotel room. The creaking voice of a man who has drunk—and seen—too much begins a voice-over narration while the screen shows him unloading a marge and searching in silent pain. He's "searching for a mission," feels he's "getting softer," and when he does get his mission it is to "survive with extreme prejudice." A Colonel Kurtz, a soldier with a peerless military record who now governs like a god a band of Mongolians like Cambodians in Cambodia. Willard flinches to a tape in which Kurtz talks about a recurring nightmare—a small crawling on the edge of a straight razor... and surviving." Willard accepts the mission and on his journey up the river into Cambodia he encounters every war horror imaginable. The more he learns about Kurtz, the more he discovers about himself.

Willard's crew soon becomes inured to injury, too. Living as their new ends, like caterpillars crawling on the edge of a straight razor and surviving, they shoot the innocent crew of a sampan—all because of a papaya hidden in a wicker basket. Chef (Frederic Forrest) who wanted to be a success in New Orleans, Cisco (Larry Fishburne) who pretends to disco from the radio, Chief (Albert Hall) who tries to keep order as the Navigator and Lawyer (Sam Bottoms) who save breaded as the deck and drop acid— they all because like Kurtz "beyond third reality, beyond caring." The jungle noises, the droplets of sweat from the jungle heat and fear, the weight of the war, erode their emotional resources.

Filmed as a relentless ritual of death and destruction, the horrors don't mount, they merely continue. Is one of the most spectacular scenes ever to find its way into film footage, a惨不忍睹 (cruelty beyond belief) scene in which Kurtz (Robert Duvall) leads a group of savagely tortured detainees (those he has killed) through a village while playing Wagner's *Ride of the Valkyries* on his tape deck. (Wagner, square the hell out of the score!) Valkyries scream, balaclavas drop, like prehistoric insects, bullets rip through the air, and the open and ears are raw as the village is strafed. Below, a film-maker (Coppola himself) shoots at disbelief, "Don't look at the camera," a priest recites a Holy Communion service as the helicopter does their hellish dance and Vietnamese fall like leaves, and two soldiers surf as Kilgore's command. Because that's what they came to that particular village—*to burn*.

Kilgore leaves fighting the war he loves. Wagner. He has nerves of steel, never flinches. When men drop napalm not far away he says, "I know the smell of napalm. It smells like... victory." A



Sheen in the heart of darkness. *Madness, madness, madness*



Vietnamese, his stomach hanging out to see, howls in pain for water and finds themselves there, surfaces. Sheen—compared with, distracted, by the water droplets out of the center onto the ground, fingers about the man.

*Apocalypse Now* is one big operatic set piece after another. A 100-day shoot of the movie featuring three *Playboy* bunnies—greeting with guns between their legs—photographed by the remarkable

Vittorio Storaro as a Coney Island in the middle of the jungle—turns into a near mass rape. The devil of last soldiers have gone crazy, turning on their own kind, nobody knows who is to command, they just fire their guns, the gunfire and the cheer on the sound track bring it near-close to a Jimi Hendrix song. Madness, madness, madness. Death spats its black paws, keeping the night company.

Coppola was right to film his journey as a surreal onslaught at the screen, as pure phantasmagoria. Yet as any war can only tell, with sad inarticulation, what took place. When Willard reaches the Kurtz compound he sees a psychedelic temple decorated by decapitated heads—the rebel soldiers have sprayed the words *APCALYPSE NOW* on a rock. They want apocalypse, they want revelation, they want an answer to all the cruel questions. A spaced-out photo-journalist (Dennis Hopper) thinks Kurtz a guru with genius and, as embedded in Marlon Brando's plangent performance, Kurtz towers over everyone else. We don't get enough of him, and what we do get is obscured in shadow. But we remain as fascinated by him as Willard is and wait on every word of his extended monologue. "Horror has a face," he tells Willard, "and you must make a friend of horror." Initiation into possessing a dark heart.

There was a time when Kurtz was in contact with more glorious feelings. He talks about going up a stretch of the Ohio River past a gaudient plantation and it was "as though heaven had fallen to earth for six miles." But what drew him into that big black heart was seeing "a pile of little arms" thrown together like a Holocaust collage. "And I cried," means Kurtz and there isn't an actor alive who can say that like Marlon does. Kurtz answers "Death's other kingdom" the last words are a choked, ghostly whisper.

"The horror! The horror!" Coppola ends his sadistic subversion with a whisper, knowing that it is merely human imagination that would make the end of this pyromaniacally exciting. And we're left with the thought. *Music For The Masses*. He is sleeping aside, a light sleep, waiting to be wakened by the sharp alarm of a shot being fired somewhere.

The 70-moviehouse version has opened only in Toronto, New York and Los Angeles and will not open across North America until October. This 22-moviehouse version will not have quadraphonic sound. They will roll out the credits onto the screen and end the 70-moviehouse version. The credits will roll over transferred quadraphonic footage, which does not make a story point.



## Music

# Dancing to the dance

By Robin Green

It's nearing 6 a.m.—peak hour at Flamingo, one of New York's most popular discos. The room is sweltering hot and glowing, a sort of hellish Walpurgisnacht in the flesh. There are 1,500 men on the dance floor, hundreds strapped to the walls wearing coverage jeans and boots—clown abounding. The air is stricken with the mangled smell of grass and the sweat that's streaming down, glistening torsos. The DJ, Rudolf Rothen, is about to make the room even hotter. Moving the end of his record into the next with a wave divisible only as an upward shift in sound, he drives a hundred more from the bars onto the dance floor.

Ray Cartino, the 35-year-old president of ETC/Cartino's (initially Records, the new disco division of Warner Brothers, which bought Reprise's record booth) is showing the mood of the room. A key try-out spot for so-called "progressive" disco, Flamingo plays the newest records months before they reach the mass market. Cartino, who pioneered this method, says: "If the men at the Flamingo like a record, it's

sure to be a hit nationally and probably internationally."

The record that has disco's taste-makers gyrating wildly this evening was first played six months ago, circled to No. 1 on both the Canadian and American charts and has sold more than 1.5 million copies. It's the work of 24-year-old Masterdisc Gino Scicchitano, favorite in the underground clubs. "A pack can throw on Gino's record when everything is going wrong in the room and it will bring everyone out of the bathroom, away from the bar and the balloombas and back on the dance floor," says Scicchitano. "Gino has a real feel for the sort of music people want to dance to today."

In the rapidly expanding world of disco, Scicchitano is a major talent. Marisol Best, New Artist at Billboard's International Discs Forum last month in New York, Scicchitano was picked by Carrasco for ETC Records' first release. *Outlaw Made* in Montreal, the album includes five Scicchitano numbers, among them *Dauber*. Now turned gold in Canada, *Dauber* is the rage on the disco circuit in Britain, France, Germany and Japan. Well over 250,000 copies of the single have been

sold internationally and *Outlaw's* sales are also nearing that mark—impressive figures for a disco newcomer.

The man is a real showman. He is separated from this crowd of modern flaneurs by his sunglasses and in whispers. Sitting back in a sofa in his Mackintosh hat room, he is a striking figure in black velvet with a bright red cleaner's tag peaking from his pocket, a small testimony to the place at which he makes his living. "My lifestyle has gone right 'round," he admits. "What I'm doing is absolutely crazy by normal standards. One minute I'm in Los Angeles, the next I'm somewhere else and when I'm not doing that I've got my head in a speaker at 500 decibels creating waves."

Indeed, as confused as Scicchitano's life that he hasn't the slightest idea how much money he is making. Still living (when he married there) with his parents in Montreal, he has no agent to keep his affairs in order or to control his intake, which, he concedes, is a lot. "I blow many like nobody's business," he says. "My mother works in a Montreal store

and what she earns in a month—around \$500—I spend in a day. There seems to be no limit to what I can spend, but I don't know how long it will last."

Secco has no doubts about Secco's future, certain that he is the forerunner of a new generation of disco artists. Not only did Secco write and score *Outlaw*, he also produced the album and performed the drums, synthesizer, keyboard, acoustic guitar and vocal tracks. Trained as a classical musician from the age of eight (including studies at Montreal's prestigious Vincent D'Indy Conservatory), Secco brings more to the business than good vocal chords and a sense of rhythm. Such versatility, he hopes, will stand him in good stead. Just as he credits his success as a composer with the disco wave, he predicts his demise as an artist will coincide with the death of the genre, which he predicts—perhaps optimistically—will come in the next seven to 10 years. Then, as now, he will produce for other artists. "I can't stop at myself—that's too limiting. I've much more to offer than producing just one album," he says.

Still, Secco easily allows that his name is better known below the border; the star has a familiar ring. "People just discover that I'm Canadian," he says. "They say, 'You can't be Canadian—that sort of thing is only for Hollywood.' As if it can't be done in Montreal. Montreal has a good atmosphere. There are certain things that turn me off about the place—politics, for instance—but there is more than enough to make me want to stay. It's home."

Secco may find the record he's producing for Guy Lefebvre—a disco hooker practice album to be released for this year's season—may bring him a higher profile on home turf. The four songs on the disc—*Boat Clock*, *Shoot, Shoot and Score*—are interspersed with annotations from Lefebvre, who intends the record for school gymnasiums and media throughout Canada. According to Secco, disco's 4/4 beat is the ideal tempo for dancing the pack.

Meanwhile, Secco is under contract to cut at least three new albums for Génie, the last to be released this fall. He admits to getting a simpler press: "I would have to be able to say, 'I'm a disco star and everyone loves me, but I can't have been there, there isn't time.' When disco runs its course, I'll be ready for the other things in life and I'll get it all together."

For the moment, he's riding on the high tide of success with influential disco watchers in every corner. "I really enjoy Gino's music," enthuses Brierley. "The recording is tremendous—disco and clear—sort of light but heavy at the same time. If you know what I mean." The boys at Plantronics know exactly what he means.

means a new fee system that resulted in 31 writers resigning (five recompensations) and 112 non-responsions from members and past dues' notices. Among those who have resigned, historians

## Books

# The typewriting on the wall: rights on a sliding scale

Writers are not a nose-and-mash lot—scoring as they do in all shapes, ideologies and degrees of talent. Which is perhaps why Samuel Johnson observed, "The best advice to authors would be that they should keep out of the way of any another." Still, after the 1979 Ontario Royal Commission on Publishing, a small group of Canadians lobbied, including Margaret Atwood and Jane Calwood, to get together over beer and hotdogs at Toronto's Embassy Inn and The Writers' Union of Canada was informally launched. It may have been an issue of chance that some author Hugh Garner boycotted the Embassy Inn after muttering about "the eternal bickering of these dismal people" and remained a nonunion man till his death.

But that wasn't the 300-member Writers' Union from much more than a mild case of gastrointestinal wind. The



Writers' Union Chairwoman Calwood

WILL JUMP OFF THE BRIDGE IF YOU GIVE IT

Donald Creighton and Michael Bliss, political theorist Walter Gordon, novelist Fredette Maynard and W.P. Kinsella, poet P.K. Page, crime writer Derrick Murdoch and literary godfather George Woodcock.

Till the year all members paid a standard \$125 yearly fee. At the 1978 annual meeting members voted for a sliding scale of fees based on the income of members. A committee set up to investigate this idea (which included now Chairman Calwood) decided this system wouldn't work and recommended a flat-fee increase to \$150 instead. But the membership was searching to a different ideology. After a close fight at last May's annual meeting they voted for dues based on total income with a scale ranging from a minimum of \$320 (based on a net income of \$3,200) or leap up to a maximum of \$300 per year for those with after-tax incomes of \$11,000 or more. "The philosophy behind it," explained Calwood, "has to do with the rich being able to afford more than the poor is a Robin Hood concept." Complete with a Sheriff of Nottingham lurking in the woods, what enraged some members even more than the different-scales-for-the-same-services was the idea that members could be required to show statements verifying their total incomes to union officials.

"I've had it," said Louise Award-winning writer Morley Safer of *A Good Place to Grow* (#300). "The organization, the government, my wife and I have paid up the Writers' Union 150 thousand if they're going to start investigating us too." Many writers felt even more strongly about paying dues as income came from non-book sources. Author and psychiatrist Ian McEwan, who did not have a new book out last year, earned only \$5 in 1978 from literary sources but his medical practice paid him in the \$300 bracket. Others found themselves paying dues to the Writers' Union on income already taxed by ACCRA, PFAF or other unions and professional associations.

Supporters of the new scheme—Margaret Laurence, Joyce Mankoff, Judith Silver, Pierre Berton, to name a few—held firm. "If they don't want to pay," Berton said, "I'll disband Calwood, 'they don't belong in the union.' And indeed by mid-August some 354 members had paid up, providing the union with

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Barrie and Lawrence protesting American book-dumping in 1975. *Opp. Robin Hood*

\$10,000 more than last year's fees would have. But solidarity fees in themselves "We can't survive with the negotiations," said Colwood, who proceeded to read a couple of gentle protests and hypocritically announced: "I'll jump off the floor street, you guys!"

But while I'm chairman," he reported, "I'm not a corner by rules of procedure, the union cannot hold a referendum on the issue till the end of September by which time any member who hasn't paid up—including the wait-and-see crowd—would be ineligible to vote. "We'll find a way," vowed Robbin, "like making the referendum retroactive, but there's a problem with that. An annual meeting decides something and then later on we all think about it and end up a referendum and end it. That doesn't look like you know what the hell you're doing."

In fact, the Writers' Union has been doing a lot of things. On the plus side it stopped cut-price American editions of Canadian books being dumped here, it persuaded Premier René Lévesque to set up the IBC so that English bookstores could advertise in English, its copyright committee is preparing to lobby on the tricky issue of the photo copying of members' works and the grievance committee provides legal aid and advice to members who can't handle their own publishing disputes. Other activities may be more overtly and the union has spent money on a glossy book of photos and biographies of its members as well as a guide to selling writing to publishers to members. It has achieved (presently) in Ontario free readings by its members in schools, paid for by taxpayers—so would be the public reading rights fee the union wants paid to members whose

books are borrowed from libraries. The progressive fee scale is necessary, in the opinion of some members, only if the Writers' Union is to move from a lobby group and part-time union into the big-time world of association in a United Arts Workers. The sliding fee scale is a hand-in-the-pocket type of the future. If it passes, Canadian writers will be on the way to a place at the top of the anguished ladder. *Barbara Auerl*

## Love is just a four-letter word

CROSSWORD  
By Bill Lumbard  
(Pub. Price: 50¢ paperback)

**V**icky is a writer. Mik is a laggy Vicki writes short amateur (short sentences are "real," because people think short thoughts). Vicki loves Mik, especially when she feels "like great body touring at me, gnawing at the roots of my forest." She knows that he loves her when she throws up on the floor. "I think of Mik eating that fried egg sandwich. A foot away from the glistening mess of my stomach. That has to be love." Vicki has a sister named Priscile. Priscile talks in very short sentences. "Oh don't," says Priscile. "Oh god. Don't I know. Oh god." Vicki has a bright idea: "Maybe it's one huge orgasm, this book." Vicki is wrong.

**C**rossing is a tedious, offensive novel, all the worse because its narrator keeps transported by herself. It matches with regular, doves of love, short, sentence, sentence, small and broken chapter. It will satisfy a Writers' self-respecting, self-conscious taste. Crossings is a guilty admission. "Mik stops in his tracks and for one moment I think he's going to hit me. It's a deep thrill in the groin, and I hold my breath." Packed with each patently condescending, the novel comes

to resemble a West Coast Hurricane re-written by a fifth-rate Erica Jong.

The poverty of Lambert's language matches a virtual absence of ideas, and here lies the novel's worst failing. Years of emotional abuse. False language would be the better term, as action is often helpless enough to claim the book. A good artist can turn base material into gold. But Crossings offers only gold's gold. Not content with the garrulity of her own excesses, Vicki lavishes mockery on her friends, husband and family. The result is a selfish, self-indulgent book, inattentive to the point of ingratitude. No less cynical than Richard Nixon, Crossings is little more realistic than Peter Pan. *Mark Akier*

### MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

**FICTION**

- 1 *The Matador Circle*, Canadian (1)
- 2 *The Last Pachinkoman*, Stewart (2)
- 3 *Overland*, Kelley (8)
- 4 *Shame*, Trevelyan (4)
- 5 *War and Remembrance*, Woolf (9)
- 6 *The Immortal Bachelor* (7)
- 7 *The Queen's Diamond Sceptre* (8)
- 8 *The Third World War*, Rucklidge
- 9 *Great Gold*, Meltzer (2)
- 10 *Sophie's Choice*

**NONFICTION**

- 1 *How to Invest Your Money and Profit From Inflation*, Shulman (1)
- 2 *The Complete Book of Medical Marijuana*, Turner (10)
- 3 *Cool Shoes*, Martin (3)
- 4 *Rebel Reason*, Trudeau (4)
- 5 *The Powers That Be*, Mihnevitch (8)
- 6 *Momma's Basement*, Crawford (6)
- 7 *Lauren Bacall: My Way*, Bacall (8)
- 8 *Praktik: Program DPA*, Finkler-McGinty
- 9 *Broca's Brain*, Sagan (8)
- 10 *Operation Fish, Spear*

1. *Matador Circle*  
2. *Last Pachinkoman*  
3. *Overland*  
4. *Shame*  
5. *War and Remembrance*  
6. *Immortal Bachelor*  
7. *Queen's Diamond Sceptre*  
8. *Third World War*  
9. *Great Gold*  
10. *Sophie's Choice*

Canadian Publishers Association

## Behavior

# PLASTIC MADNESS

By Judith Timson

*It was a sad experience for me. I felt as though I were being cut off from the rest of the world—Salman Rushdie. Paul Gladdie, a reformed alcoholic, had cleaned up his life, throwing himself into charity work and off-the-rack blouses. Polyesterman, with a wallet full of cards and the faint signature in town, was no more. In his place—the wary and thoughtful consumer. "For the first time in a long time," recalls Gladdie, "I actually need the price of things."*

**H**e had no choice at the time, but that seems to have faded into the mists of memory. Instead, Paul Gladdie, an outgoing Toronto pet-food salesman with a \$14,000 income, a penchant for \$200 suits and a habit of treating his friends to food and drink, prefers to see it as a kind of conversion. There he was four years ago, \$9,000 in debt, unable to make even the minimum credit payments and still pay his rent. He considered declaring personal bankruptcy but that smacked of public dis-

grace, so he offered himself up for credit counselling and submitted, albeit unwillingly, to a directive to ditch his credit cards. Then, with the aid of a reformed alcoholic, he cleaned up his life, throwing himself into charity work and off-the-rack blouses. Polyesterman, with a wallet full of cards and the faint signature in town, was no more. In his place—the wary and thoughtful consumer. "For the first time in a long time," recalls Gladdie, "I actually need the price of things."

"That seems to be the point of the whole thing," says a Toronto psychologist, Larry Fass, who, in his private practice, has treated people head over heels in debt. "Of course people who use credit cards don't keep track of their expenditures at the time. That is the intention of the people who issue them, and they have been very successful." However,



spate of the masses, the sophistication yet easy way to go about the business of buying a better lifestyle. And in spite of energy crises and gloom-and-doom economic forecasts, people are still hot on the trail of the good life.

But this goal may be getting harder to attain. American banks report credit card defaults are soaring. In Canada, the number of personal consumer bankruptcies has increased from a relatively modest 1,028 in 1976 to a staggering 15,882 in 1979. This year, a projected 19,000 Canadian consumers will officially declare themselves failures at handling their personal finances.

Specifically, on the social front, tales of plastic madness are becoming as common as—and as, in fact, beheaded—to-toed descriptions of the search for self-f fulfillment. Everyone knows someone who has just torn up his card, or is just about to, or wishes he had. Everyone has heard at least one horrifying (but thrilling) saga of excess. In Toronto, last year, the journalistic demo-nando was a-hum with the story of the lady exec, who, placing a dinner party, stepped out to buy salt and pepper shakers and returned with a \$1,000 lighter, a Chianti, eight crystal champagne glasses, eight crystal dessert goblets and a set of rhinestone shorts she "put carried away."

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Gladfelter saw a way, thoughtful consumer

bank officials who face criticism of their credit card programs—which are fast becoming the most widely used—do so easily.

For bankers, the statistic that matters is the one that shows credit card debt increases to more than 10 per cent of the over-all consumer debt in Canada (which, in 1978, was \$35 billion). That, coupled with the fact that between 40 and 60 per cent of the people who are Charge and Master Charge pay off their bills in full every month—thereby avoiding the 18-per-cent interest charged at a rate of 10 per cent a month—is all the reassurance that someone like Doug Hamilton, assistant general manager of the Toronto-Dominion's Charge Centre, needs to state: "Most Canadians are handling it well."

And the future ... well, the future belongs, if not to a cashless society, at least to a less-cash one, with bankers predicting as, for the 1980s, the use of automatic fund transfers, spe-

company—Canada Trust—will begin issuing Master Charge, and the Canadian Co-Operative Credit Society, with more than four million members, has decided to join the card game by the end of next year. There is hardly a major financial institution left in Canada that does not view the card as integral to its financial structure.

As for consumers, the tiny perfect pieces of plastic provide instant identification, fit away with cheque writing in front of suspicious clerks, offer cash advances and facilitate shopping by phone and mail. Says Toronto financial consultant Ann Papert: "If you want to be in what is traditionally called the mainstream of Canadian society, you need a credit card. It sounds like the answer to everything everybody's dream."

But Paul J. Jankel, a vice-president and director of Deswoody Ltd., a major Canadian firm dealing with the industry, has seen many people for whom the dream has meant more than a few sleepless nights—10 per cent of the banknotes his company processes used credit cards, many of them anonymously. He suggests: "Maybe they should put a statement on the back of credit cards the way they do on cigarette packages: 'Warning: use of this card may result in damage to your financial health.'"

"I wish you'd stop calling them credit cards," complains Al Bates, head of the Master Charge program at the Bank of Montreal. "They're payment cards." At the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce's Charges headquarters, one senior official says: "We like to see them as convenience cards." Whatever, back in the early 1960s they came into being as credit cards. First banks, then oil and gas companies and department stores began issuing them to select customers. In 1958, the Diner's Club card was invented, mainly for the expense-account set. American Express followed and then, finally, in the 1960s, the banks got in on the action. By 1965, four Canadian banks—Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, The Royal, Toronto Dominion and Banque Canadienne Nationale—were offering the blue, white and gold Charges. They were joined later by the Bank of Nova Scotia. By 1975, two others—Bank of Montreal and the Provincial Bank of Canada—joined issuing Master Charge. However, the card is characterized by the thinkers in profitland, it has clearly changed the way people feel about money and the way they spend it.

"It's hard to come up with a nice, neat theory about credit cards," says Larry Pau, a behavioralist who lectures at the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education, "but just listing all the false assumptions people have developed about them should tell us something." Some, for instance, talk about the "un-

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reality" of using plastic, others about the sense of well-being that comes over them, that whooosh of power, that perceptible boost to the self-image, especially when they're in the throes of what Peter Kesa, a 36-year-old public-school teacher who has had to take a job teaching nights to pay off a \$1,200 Charge-it, angrily applied for a charge card simply to acquire a good credit rating. At first he paid the amount owing in full every month. "Not when that raises my credit, I began to feel rewarded in a subtle kind of way, and in a few months spending more and more seemed to be a familiar comfort. It just seems to be a familiar comfort. Banks officials say the limit is not based on a customer's ability to pay, but how much they think the customer is going to use the card. If he or she is doing well against the limit, yet still managing to pay off the minimum payment due, often a ludicrously low five per cent of the total, then the limit most likely will be raised. The temptation (or invitation) to spend more than one can afford is irresistible.

More are at least as bad as women. Darlene's Jernkens says customers are the worst. "We sell, they need to spend. To spend, they need a card." And few, too, are there are emotional voids to be looked after. Gindell, a 45-year-old bachelor, used to feel depressed and lonely and "buy another card." Another

decreed wise-about-town assured his friends with jokes about "emotional hardware." After such shattered resources, he would go crazy before stress equipment—a new set of headphones, the sufficient little tape deck.

Banks are reticent about revealing the amount of credit card deficit for "competitive reasons." Nor are they forthcoming about the standards they use in issuing the cards. Have they been lowered over the years? JE Wrightman, a vice-president of the Consumers, prefers to talk about "standardizing the standards" rather than relaxing them. Still, there are curious cases of people with credit cards who clearly have no business with them. A Mississauga, Ontario, woman, Mary Wright was making \$70 a week in a warehouse when her bank gave her a Charge "automatically." Disposed, with three children and a history of financial problems, she used the card three years ago to buy a \$500 air conditioner for a male friend. She still has not paid the bill and when the bank recently attempted to garnishee her wages, she quit her job as a dishwasher in a restaurant and went back on welfare. She had to laugh recently when a Toronto department store representative phoned to ask if she would like one of its cards.

There are also students, who, on the strength of a summer job, acquire one (or even two) cards and then live off them the rest of the year while they're studying. While Peter Kesa was studying at the University of Toronto, he and his wife, Mary Anne, ran his credit limit from the standard beginner's \$250 to \$1,000 within two years without ever having a steady job. "We didn't have the money to buy groceries so we went out to dinner and put it on plastic," he says. "Every time we went over our limit, we'd send them a few coins and they'd keep it up." Then there was Christmas—a card just like a gift certificate. "I was still paying for Christmas the following March."

For all that, there still aren't many people in 1979—and that includes most consumers, consumer advocates and shopkeepers—who would name out four-square against plastic. It has already become an indispensable part of everyday life. Even Paul Gindell, the credit card buster, who says he felt God on the road to Damascus, the day he ripped up his cards, has been born again into the world of plastic. After trying to live on a diet in record time, he recently applied for and received two shiny new bank credit cards. He was pleased. "It was kind of a challenge," he said, "seeing first of all whether I could get them back—and then seeing if I could use them properly." So far, so good. ♦

#### People 'need' a credit card

Anatomical credit and bank have become the liberator/lady's bane.

One woman, a 30-year-old public-school teacher who has had to take a job teaching nights to pay off a \$1,200 Charge-it, angrily applied for a charge card simply to acquire a good credit rating. At first he paid the amount owing in full every month. "Not when that raises my credit, I began to feel rewarded in a subtle kind of way, and in a few months spending more and more seemed to be a familiar comfort. It just seems to be a familiar comfort. Banks officials say the limit is not based on a customer's ability to pay, but how much they think the customer is going to use the card. If he or she is doing well against the limit, yet still managing to pay off the minimum payment due, often a ludicrously low five per cent of the total, then the limit most likely will be raised. The temptation (or invitation) to spend more than one can afford is irresistible.

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## Technology

# Mounties of steel

When President Jimmy Carter pays his expected visit to Ottawa this fall, a Canadian-made mechanized Mountie will be waiting in the wings, ready to wheel into action in case of an emergency. It is one of nine \$13,000 robots designed by a small Toronto firm and assigned to security detail at RCMP detachments from Halifax to Whitehorse to handle such delicate tasks as bomb disposal or hostage-taking incidents.

Like a lone cop dressed to kill, it comes equipped with a 12-gauge shotgun for disrupting bombs before they have a chance to explode and a sophisticated water pistol containing 3½ ounces of highly compressed liquid which can rip through a metal case to put a dagger on explosives within. The six-wheeled vehicle also has a closed-circuit TV camera to survey its surroundings, as well as x-ray vision and a stethoscope for examining the interiors of suspicious-looking packages. It can travel over the roughest terrain, and has a variety of arm attachments for opening doors, gently lifting 75-pound panels or pushing a three-quarter-ton truck.

Beyond its bomb disposal duties, the Remote Motion Investigation (RMI) unit is expected to be useful for straight fire-fighting and handling radioactive materials. The machine can handle 100-gas grenades, drop a wounded man to safety, carry food and supplies, and be used to inspect wells, to repair a speaker system, and temporarily blind a sniper standing up to 200 yards away using a 16-bit parabolic mirror and light system. It can be fitted with a laser sighting device for chipping away over distances.

Undoubtedly, it's one fancy piece of gadgetry. Most important, of course, is with its price tag of \$12,000 it's dependable. "You can always build an other machine, and now we'll build another," points out Bill Hay, a technical consultant at the firm's Canadian Bomb Data Centre. Until now, bomb experts have had to study suspect objects through binoculars and stand behind protective shields to examine explosive devices with long poles. The unit has further taken the worry out of being close. Technicians can now give direc-



RMI robot and survey bomb takes the worry out of being close

tion from the safety of a control panel connected to the robot by a 60-yard "unbreakable cord."

The RMI is evolving as a success story for Pedersen Controls Ltd., the young firm that developed it. In the past six months, the Ottawa-based company has taken possession of two and the state has bought nine, two for use in Ottawa and one each for Whitehorse, Vancouver, Edmonton, Winnipeg, Fredericton, Halifax and St. John's, Pei. Pei, owned and operated by George Pei, 46, and George Scott, 36, has also received inquiries from Britain, Egypt, Finland, Germany and some South American countries. The firm's chief competition is the British-made Wheelbarrow—and exclusively in Northern Ireland in recent years. The Canadian department of national defence has five of the heavy-duty machines but RCMP officials say that for its purposes, the RMI easily fits the bill. The Canadian unit is less expensive, can operate five times as long without recharging, and has several features not available on the \$30,000 Wheelbarrow.

While terrorist activity remains a concern, it is not a present reality in Canada. Of the 88 bombings and 21 attempted bombings reported last year, almost all were attributed to vandalism or personal animosity toward the holder's target. Nevertheless, these isolated cases took their toll. (Three people died—six were injured, and property damage amounted to \$10,000.) And when the RCMP stands on guard for such visits as the U.S. president, \$100 is on standby—just in case.

Sarah Heney

# Read the fine print on your light beer. Only Trilight has 60 calories.

Check the label on your light beer and see how it stacks up against Trilight. Know what you'll find? When it comes to light beer...

**Nobody brews it lighter.**



# Reviving a spooky spirit

**I**t would have made James Bond shiver: "You're looking for you special men and women who will have a spirit of adventure. There aren't many of you. One in a thousand maybe," read the ad in *The Washington Post*, placed last month by the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), whose star has failed to such a degree it is forced to advertise for spies. This has made William Brock, chairman of the Republican National Committee, more anxious than ever about the state of agency affairs. He cites the ad as further evidence that the CIA is discredited and dispirited.

In the past, recruits were found in the old-boy network, from discreet university interviews and referrals from other branches of government. But these sources have clearly dried up. Following the traumatic congressional investigations of the past few years—with their revelations of assassination plots, secret medical experiments and attempts to undermine constitutional democracies—the public has gone from the spy business. People just don't want to get involved anymore.

The implications are far greater than the newspaper ad might suggest. For, as Brock is quick to point out, America's intelligence agencies have stopped delivering the goods. From Cuba to Korea, from Iran to Rhodesia, they have failed to get things right in the past two years. Now Brock has produced a scathing report saying the CIA and its relatives are creating "confusion and chaos" in the nation's foreign policy. As a result, the Republicans recently decided to call for a massive overhaul of intelligence operations and plan to make the subject a major issue in next year's presidential election.

In politicizing the plight of the agency, in drawing attention to the shortcomings, Brock hopes to get the CIA a new deal with Congress and at the same time cash in on the right-wing political drift that is evident throughout the U.S. today. He says: "Previous anti-mandated initiatives by the Democratic-controlled Congress during the Nixon, Ford, and Carter administrations have drastically reduced U.S. intelligence-

gathering capabilities. The cumulative impact of these past four years has been harmful misdirections, massive intelligence failures and setbacks in our foreign policy." He called a proposed revision of the 1947 charter of the CIA—offered last year in the Senate—"totally inadequate and unacceptable." The proposal died and the Carter administration has yet to come forward with a revised version, though one is expected later this month.

The Brock report proposes establishing a foreign operations service—a new arm for the CIA—for clandestine activities abroad. It also proposes reducing the amount of intelligence information made public under the Freedom of Information and Privacy Acts and recommends that the agency be given greater freedom without having to reveal every detail of every operation to Capitol Hill. Congress now makes it mandatory for CIA Director Stansfield Turner to report to eight Capitol Hill committees before going ahead with any clandestine project. In a recent interview, Turner told *Carter*: "A foreign intelligence agency has decided a joint covert action with us that would have been of great benefit to both countries. It did so when reminded that I might easily get committees of Congress to say no to our covert action. They simply did not believe that we could keep that secret."

The Republican report claims intelligence failures the "virtual bankruptcy" of the CIA.

Now it is just the Republicans who are disillusioned with the intelligence "product." A few months ago, Carter declared in a hand-written note that he was "satisfied" with the agency's work and demanded an improvement, a new spirit and a new sense of mission. So far it does not seem to have been forthcoming. But there is a growing lobby on Capitol Hill in favor of ease again "taking the gloves off" the CIA and letting it operate, if not exactly in its old free-wheeling style, then certainly with less of a bridle.

The Republican report stresses that all U.S. government agencies should be required to provide agents of proposed foreign operations with cover identities so that U.S. citizens abroad should be encouraged to follow suit. If such a law had been in force a few months ago, one of the most bizarre incidents in the recent history of espionage would have been avoided.

It occurred when the Chinese government invited Joseph Califano—then a member of Carter's cabinet—for a goodwill visit to Peking. The CIA asked Califano if it could include use of its agents in his party. American spies have never fared well in China and that seemed a good opportunity to pack up a few titbits of intelligence. But Califano, fearing that his visit would be compromised, refused to allow an agent to travel alongside. The spy could only go, so if he was specifically identified as such and okayed by the Peking regime.

It was an intelligence notion, not only bringing a spy in from the cold but pushing him into the line of sight as a recruit to a Communist country. Left with no alternative, the CIA decided to give it a try. And the Chinese begged and possibly promised, raised to objections. Thus Robert A. Phillips, a young Harvard-trained, Chinese-speaking economic analyst, went along with Califano's group identified as the official team representing the "National Foreign Affairs Council" (NFC).

At a farewell dinner in Peking, Chinese Minister of Public Health Qian Shaling raised his glass in a toast to Phillips and expressed the hope that he had learned what he wanted to find out. It's a good bet that he didn't.

William Lowther

## Central Intelligence Agency

We're looking for  
you special men and women  
who still have  
it at adventure.

There's many of you out there. You're the kind of people who are still happy to make a contribution to your community. And that's what we're looking for.

At CIA, you dig in. You put in the extra effort to develop your objectives, use your skills. And that's what we're looking for.

So if you're a person who wants to make a difference, you can do it at CIA.

So if you're a person who wants to make a difference, you can do it at CIA.



# The trowel's race against time and tide

By Peter Doyle-Godwin

In italics in the 1840s, it was blithely described by writer B.M. Ballantyne as "a mysterious blot on a sweep of a plain view of the frozen sea." Today, in its brief summer gash, only the remains of wrecks of novelties are remnants and York Factory, founded in 1682 at the mouth of Manitoba's Hayes River, commands a spectral view of cold but unfrozen Hudson Bay.

Once the commercial centre of Canada's West and North, it was home to 600, hosted 50 buildings and was soap with commercial bustle, as Indians traded their furs at the massive Hudson's Bay Company depot in return for the goods of Europe. Today the green-and-white depot is deserted, the other buildings have crumbled away, like the bones of the French and English who fought and lived there so long ago. York Factory wears a faded beauty that whispers of a glorious past, an image broken only by the steady scraping of archeologists' trowels. The past is measured in tonnes.

When Ballantyne penned his jazzyed words, York Factory commanded a trading empire of 1.5 million square miles and for almost two centuries had been the centre of a huge commercial



empire, a distribution centre for the Hudson's Bay Company's massive Northern Department. It was here that Lord Selkirk's settlers first landed in 1811 and began their journey north to Manitoba's Red River Valley. York Factory is heavy with history, its sprawling grassy land filled and faded.

After 1857, York Factory's power began to dwindle, victim of the infant rail-road which promised English cart-chucks faster, larger profits for shipping to St. Paul, Minnesota, rather than to the remote Arctic depot, gripped by the frost. In a century or less the surviving depot will tether on the riverbank, where even now the tattered foundations of long-buried structures hang threateningly over the beach.

Adams (top left), artifact collection (above right), York Factory in 1850s; unearthing a posthole

On the beach at York Factory emerge of sod cracks to the sand and passes of the past peer from their sandy tombs: canning cans, horseshoes, clay pipes, bottles, buttons, bottles and all the bric-a-brac of an age forgotten. Young archaeologists probe the matted roots, and are rarely disappointed. Last year, Parks Canada sent a team of three researchers to the remote spot to assess archeological potential and the erosion threat. Both are great. From a single yard-square pit 1,200 artifacts were recovered and in three brief summer months more than 8,000 were washed, bagged and coded for storage in a Winnipeg computer's memory. This year a team of 10 experts has been busily digging pits, combing beaches, lighting the tide.

The real work, however, is on the cliffs, where six students trawl away at their pits eight hours a day, unearthed pelmades, under foundations, broken bottles, once even a felt hat and a pair of shoes. "If only we'd started 10 years ago," says John Giesben, chief of Parks Canada's prairie archaeological research. "This is a salvage operation. So much will be lost in years. Even if the big project were to go ahead we could recover no more than two to five per cent of the site's potential." That would be 100,000 artifacts based on present progress. The big project is a proposal from York University Professor Arthur Ray, who began considering the Social Sciences and Humanities Research Council of Canada. It would cost about \$5 million and involve an interdisciplinary, five-year excavation and research project with up to 70 people. Its fate—and York Factory's—should be known next year.

"York Factory is probably the single most important site of the entire fur trade," explains Ray. "On top of that, the Hudson's Bay Company archive contains nearly half a million pages on York Factory alone—a detailed record of almost three centuries of European settlement in Canada's North. We have to salvage as much as we can." The project he has outlined would include ecological, agricultural, manufacturing, labor, transportation, medical and nutritional studies. About 10,000 artifacts recovered to date are bottles still containing medicine.

"We may also seek private funding," says Ray. "This isn't just a dry academic subject. It's of great relevance now. Northern pipelines are being discussed and at York Factory we have a unique record over 300 years of how Europeans and natives interacted and how the activities of Europeans affected the environment."

At York Factory, where quick,



clattering showers drench wild flowers and towheads alike, archeologist Gary Adams strokes his bushy red beard and gazes intently at a jarred wooden bowl, just unearthed. It's full with the remains of glass, the barkbark broken and bent, in a plastic bag bound for the "archi-lab" in Winnipeg, ferried out on the food plane that comes every two weeks. "You must think we're crazy getting off on all this junk," he laughs. "It's the isolates. We get strange."

Ballantyne's partial view of the frozen sea will return soon enough, but at York Factory, as summer wears on and the plastic bags are filled and laid, winter seems as distant as the day the Selkirk settlers arrived. Massive and silent, the Hudson's Bay depot stands as it stood when Queen Victoria was a girl, its single cannon pointing to the crashing cliffs. Men near the river will be a little closer; the past will have receded a little more. And one day the monstrous blot will dissolve forever, as if it had never been.



## Manila's incredible psychic surgeons



**T**he eye is to believe. Or is it vice versa—does belief produce the vision?

At Elizario's healer's clinic open an epileptic's skull with a dirty knife and calmly suture away blood and brain as fire burns about. Dripping with blood, the pain-free patient helps scoop his tissue into a bucket before the healer pinches the skin together, closing the wound without sutures. Problem solved. Next please.

That "operation" was filmed by Vancouver clinical psychologist Dr. Lee Peltier and shown at an evening in Winnipeg of the World Federation of Healing. It was one more example of "psychic healing," a phenomenon that raises the hackles of many orthodoxy-minded men. The healers have been brought into bars and fancy hotel rooms in Mexico, South America and the Philippines, where they receive hundreds of clients daily from North America, Japan, Europe and Australia.

Manila, the Philippine capital, has become a magnet for those seeking new cures. People numbers there work without belief, apparently flag-nodding at a trance, then pronging fingers straight into tissue to remove what ails you. Is it fraud or medicine beyond the limit of ordinary cognition?

At his home in Lockport, Manitoba, Norm Yarish doubts nothing as he flips through photographs showing healers fingers plunged to the knuckles in pa-



Manila surgeon and patient (above).  
Yarish, a believer scalps away.

thentic abductions, phlebotomy and lancing without benefit of scalpel or antibiotic. Says the 45-year-old folklorist, "I used to think that idea was crazy, too, but I've seen what they can do and it's real. Two years ago after extracting gallbladder trouble that wouldn't let go, he borrowed \$2,000 and took a 25-day package to Manila, organized by Nabel Wagner, now living in New Westminster. Dr. "Healer" Tony Balanciano, 30, my guru, cured my constipation, removed a kidney and fixed a fractured arm," says Yarish. He returned to Manila last February after a heart attack. The second trip cost \$16,000, plus \$200 for 36 "prescriptions." He was told to give up his heart pills and have no arranged diet but to be sure he feels fine, but doctors can't check his condition. He refuses their services.

Dr. Ian West of Manitoba's Selkirk Medical Centre has seen two patients who have tried the Manila medicine and

he's not impressed. "It's a scientific hoax, straight of hand," he says. "I know a heart patient who tried it and he's now much worse. Pure trickery."

Winnipeg RCMP thought so, too. For 13 months they investigated Wagner's tour, following a complaint by an elderly blind man, now dead. He paid \$1,029 for a trip to Manila and, though told that payment was entirely voluntary, was charged \$350 for treatments that didn't cure his sightlessness. No charges were laid in the case. As Constable Graham Geddes puts it: "How do you prove fraud when many of those we interviewed swore they'd been helped by the healers?"

One believer is Ann Tolsonian, 56, of West Vancouver. She spent \$1,200 on a trip to Manila seven years ago and says she was cured of phlebitis. She has since made the trip twice, once as tour guide for Wagner's psychic pilgrim packages and a second time leading a group of friends, receiving free travel and accommodation as a reward.

Wagner herself has been to Manila 28 times since 1972 and plans another Manila trip in November. "I went after a friend told me about it in 1973. My health was poor and the surgeons helped my sight and arthritis. I've never had a nickel from the surgeons and wouldn't take it. As far as I'm concerned I'm doing God's work."

Is the tissue the healers claim to remove real? Dr. William Parker, Manitoba's chief medical examiner, has analyzed some. "It was supposed to be a tumor removed from a man's testicle but we proved it wasn't human adult tissue. It could be fetal fat. I think the tissue is concealed on the surgeon but I don't claim they can't help people who believe in them. If I had time I'd go to Manila to look into this more closely."

Psychologist Pulse says American researchers have done just that, correlating high operating rates with increasing the surgeon's wear only about. They were unable to prove fraud. For Pulse psychic healing is real. Whether tissue removed is real or fake is immaterial. We think some patients may need to see tissue to be psychologically sure something has happened, so the surgeon's materials fit.

Now Harry Barker of New Westminster, who will pay her next Manila visit this January, "I know no health problems but I love to watch the surgery. Work I can't explain it but they do seem to open the flesh with their fingers. The only thing you can do is go and see for yourself." By year's end, hundreds of Canadians will have done just that.

Peter Cartyle-Gordge

Allen Petheringham is an amateur.

# HIT THE TASTE BULLSEYE.



Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked—avoid smoking 10 mg. tar/0.8 mg. nicotine.

# The Alberta Vodka Tie Breaker



## THE TIE BREAKER

Into tall glass with crushed ice  
pour in 1-1/2 oz. Alberta Vodka.  
Add 2 oz. pineapple juice and  
fill with club soda. Garnish with  
slice of pineapple.

Now, that's a sure-fire winner.



Make it with one of Canada's most popular vodkas.